




SONGS OF ALL LANDS

MATHEWS



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SONGS OF ALL LANDS

*A COLLECTION OF PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL SONGS OF MANY COUNTRIES,
TOGETHER WITH CHOICE FOLK SONGS FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES,
AND PART-SONGS FOR THREE AND FOUR VOICES*

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS

BY

W. S. B. MATHEWS

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO UNDERSTAND MUSIC" AND "A POPULAR HISTORY OF MUSIC;" EDITOR OF
MUSIC MAGAZINE, AND OF MANY MUSIC TEXT-BOOKS

NEW YORK ∴ CINCINNATI ∴ CHICAGO
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BY

W. S. B. MATHEWS

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E-P 6

PREFACE.

IN order to reach the best results in school music three kinds of material are necessary. (1) Exercise material for training in intonation and reading. (2) Plenty of songs for child use: this part of the material speedily becomes hackneyed through much hearing, and has therefore to be quite often changed. (3) The cream of the standard songs of home and country.

Since in this land of ours all nationalities are intermingled, the sympathies of the American youth very properly extend far beyond the boundaries of his native country; they take in the standard melodies of our mother country, England, the quaint and pathetic songs of Scotland and Ireland, the hearty sincerity of the German songs, the liveliness of the French, the pleasing cadences of South Germany and Italy, the vigor and rhythmic incisiveness of the Hungarian and Bohemian melodies, the quaint songs of the North, and the vigorous songs of that singularly musical people, the Russians. The American youth has a warm place in his heart for the typical songs of the whole world. To him song has already become the most immediate expression of that noble sentiment of the modern world—the consciousness of human brotherhood.

The present compilation of this great treasury of world melody is the most extensive which has been made for school use. Taking as foundation our own patriotic airs and a varied assortment of the typical folk songs of American life, it gives the national songs of all the leading countries, together with copious illustrations of their popular and typical melodies, many of which are new to the American schoolroom. Some of the newest and best are from Bohemian, Russian, Norwegian, and Danish sources, which hitherto seem to have been neglected in favor of the German. There are also a number of examples of English part-songs and glees, agreeable in sentiment and pleasant in performance.

In accordance with popular demand, most of the music is in plain four-part harmony, thus making the music available for a multiplicity of social uses as well as those of a more purely educational character. Some of the newest material, however, has been written in three parts by the popular song-composer, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, an educator and artist of excellent judgment. She has been very fortunate in some of these adaptations, strengthening the characteristic turn of the melodies and adding materially to the educational value of the material. Several of the English selections have a complete pianoforte accompaniment, adding materially to the brilliancy of the music for exhibition purposes.

This book admits of much more than a merely conventional use. All the chief songs are capable of being made texts for studies in geography, ethnography, and race characteristics. The melodies of races have characteristic differences, which the sharper pupils, under judicious stimulation, will readily discover. In this way the music recreation may at the same time serve as an agreeable pastime from study, rejuvenate the spirit of the schoolroom, suggest a wider outlook and sympathy, and so become the medium of an enriched capacity for musical enjoyment.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

INDEX OF SONGS.

PAGE	POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
131	Abide with Me!	Henry Francis Lyte <i>William Henry Monk</i>
7	America	S. F. Smith <i>Henry Carey</i>
84	Annie Laurie	William Douglas <i>Scotch</i>
80	Auld Lang Syne	Robert Burns <i>Scotch</i>
30	Austrian National Hymn	Laurenz Leop. Haschka <i>J. Haydn</i>
66	Away with Melancholy <i>Mozart</i>
76	Bannockburn	Robert Burns <i>Scotch</i>
67	Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms	Thomas Moore <i>Irish</i>
129	Bells of Saint Michael's Tower (The) <i>W. Knyvett</i>
42	Ben Bolt	Thomas Dunn English <i>Nelson Kneass, arr. by E. S.</i>
110	Bird's Song (The)	Topelius <i>Söderberg</i>
48	Bonnie Doon	Robert Burns <i>Scotch</i>
41	Bosnian Shepherd's Song (The) <i>Arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
17	Breaking Waves Dashed High (The)	Felicia Hemans <i>Miss A. Browne</i>
138	Brightly the Morning Gleams in the Eastern Skies <i>F. X. Eisenhofer</i>
157	By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill	Reginald Heber <i>I. B. Woodbury</i>
90	Charles John, Our Brave King <i>National Air of Sweden, by DuPuy</i>
135	Come Fairies, Trip It on the Grass	John Parry <i>John Parry</i>
108	Cradle Hymn	Isaac Watts <i>J. J. Rousseau</i>
75	Dannebrog	Patriotic Song of Denmark
26	Dearest Spot on Earth (The)	W. T. Wrighton <i>W. T. Wrighton</i>
157	Dennis	Doddridge <i>Nageli, arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason</i>
50	Do They Think of Me at Home?	J. E. Carpenter <i>Charles W. Glover</i>
97	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,	Ben Jonson <i>Mozart</i>
104	Evening Song to the Virgin	Felicia Hemans <i>Italian</i>
80	Fading, Still Fading <i>Portuguese</i>
14	Fair Freedom's Happy Home	Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, <i>Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
53	Far Below Us, o'er the Rocks, the River Rushes	Matthias (German) <i>Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
33	Farewell to the Forest <i>Mendelssohn</i>
69	Finland	Ahlquist <i>Karl Collan</i>
94	Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	Robert Burns <i>Scotch</i>
88	Forge (The)	Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, <i>Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
28	German Student's Song <i>Schumann</i>
76	God Ever Glorious	S. F. Smith <i>Alexis T. Lwoff (Russian)</i>

INDEX OF SONGS.

5

PAGE		POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
87	Haakon's Cradle Song	Ibsen, English by F. Corder	Edouard Grieg
12	Hail, Columbia	Joseph Hopkinson	Fayles
144	Hark! How the Rain Is Falling		Dr. Callcott
72	Harp that Once through Tara's Halls (The)	Thomas Moore	"Gramschell," arr. by Blanche Dingley
56	Hazel Dell (The)	Geo. F. Root	Geo. F. Root
117	Hearts Feel That Love Thee		Mendelssohn
140	Here in Cool Grot		Earl of Mornington
49	Home Again	M. S. Pike	M. S. Pike, arr. by Egbert Swayne
20	Home, Sweet Home	John Howard Payne	Henry Bishop
52	In a Garden	Winterset (German)	Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor
35	Italian Hymn	Charles Wesley	Felice Giardini
70	Ivy Green (The)	Charles Dickens	Henry Russell
31	Juanita	Hon. Mrs. Norton	Spanish, arr. by E. S.
100	Laplander and His Reindeers (The)	Egbert Swayne	Lappish
32	Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood Flows		National Air of Holland
112	Lift Thine Eyes		Mendelssohn
93	Longing	Christian Winther	Halfdan Kjerrulf
44	March of the Men of Harlech	Welsh, Eng. by William Duthie	Welsh, harmonized by J. Barnby
22	Marseilles Hymn (The)		Rouget de Lisle
21	Maryland! My Maryland!	J. R. Randall	German Student Song
59	Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster
79	Mercy Seat (The)	John Newton	Southern Celtic
65	Minstrel Boy (The)	Thomas Moore	Irish, "The Moreen"
100	My Dear Old Mother	A. O. Vinje, Eng. by A. W. Moore	Edouard Grieg
139	My God, Permit Me Not to Be		Beethoven
46	My Old Kentucky Home	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster
36	National Hymn of Norway	Bj. Björnson	R. Nordraak
116	Nearer, My God, to Thee	Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams	Lowell Mason
155	Now the Day Is Over	S. Baring-Gould	J. Barnby
62	Oft in the Stilly Night	Thomas Moore	Irish
132	O Happy Fair		G. Swift
99	Oh! Breathe Not His Name	Thomas Moore	Irish, "The Brown Maid"
102	Oh, Dove with Wings of Silver	Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor	
15	Oh, for the Swords of Former Time	Thomas Moore	Irish, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor
114	Oh! Skylark, for Thy Wing	Felicia Hemans	Henry Smart
63	Old Folks at Home	Stephen C. Foster	Stephen C. Foster
64	Old Oaken Bucket (The)	Samuel Woodworth	"Araby's Daughter"
58	O My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose	Robert Burns	Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor
89	On the Life-Giving Neva	Russian	Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor
149	Onward, Christian Soldiers	S. Baring-Gould	Sir Arthur Sullivan
154	O Paradise	F. W. Faber	J. Barnby

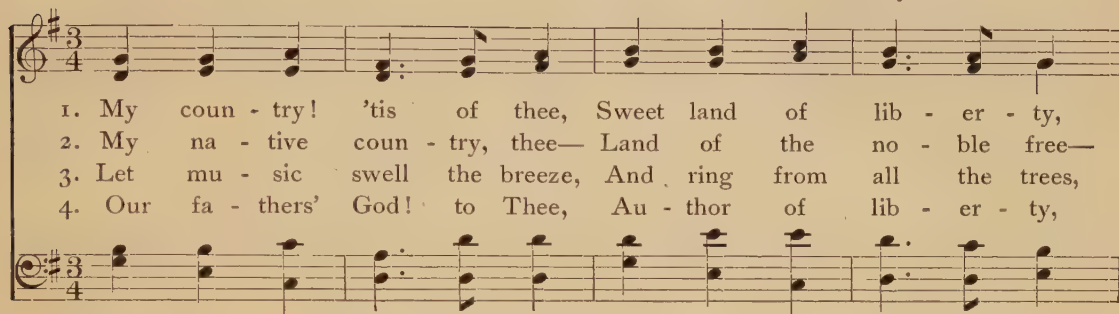
PAGE		POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
95	O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast	Robert Burns	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
103	Pleasures of Home	<i>Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>	
90	Pleasures of Youth (The)	Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, <i>Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>	
85	Polish May Song	<i>Polish</i>
156	Portuguese Hymn	James Montgomery	<i>Portuguese</i>
18	Red, White, and Blue (The)	David T. Shaw	<i>David T. Shaw</i>
86	Rock Beside the Sea (The)	<i>C. C. Converse</i>
82	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	J. P. Knight	<i>J. P. Knight</i>
37	Rule, Britannia!	James Thomson	<i>Dr. Thomas A. Arne</i>
83	Runes	<i>Finnish, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
101	Serenade	Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, <i>Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>	
92	Smiling Maiden of the Mill	German	<i>Bohemian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
40	Song of Australia (The)	Mrs. C. J. Carleton, <i>Carl Linger, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>	
10	Song of the Trees for Arbor Day	Frances Ekin Allison	<i>Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
73	Song to the Ganges	Sabilla Woodstock	<i>Hindu, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
146	Spring Song (A)	"The Afterglow"	<i>Ciro Pinsuti</i>
8	Star-Spangled Banner (The)	Francis Scott Key	<i>Dr. Samuel Arnold</i>
122	Swallow (The)	"The Afterglow"	<i>Henry Leslie</i>
111	Sweet and Low	Alfred Tennyson	<i>J. Barnby</i>
61	Sweet May Is Here	Ofer (German)	<i>Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
51	Take All My Loves	Shakespeare	<i>Russian, arr. by Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
109	Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender	<i>Lassen</i>
74	'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	Thomas Moore	<i>Irish</i>
150	To All You Ladies Now on Land	<i>Dr. Callcott</i>
78	Towards the North	Patriotic Song of Denmark	<i>C. F. Weyse</i>
126	Twilight	German, Eng. by Rev. J. Troutbeck	<i>Franz Abt</i>
11	Washington's Birthday	Frances Ekin Allison	<i>Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor</i>
27	Watch on the Rhine (The)	Max Schneckenburger	<i>Carl Wilhelm</i>
98	Welcome the Morning	Bj. Björnson	<i>Edouard Grieg</i>
74	Zionward	Robert Robinson	<i>Southern Celtic</i>

SONGS OF ALL LANDS.

America.

Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH.

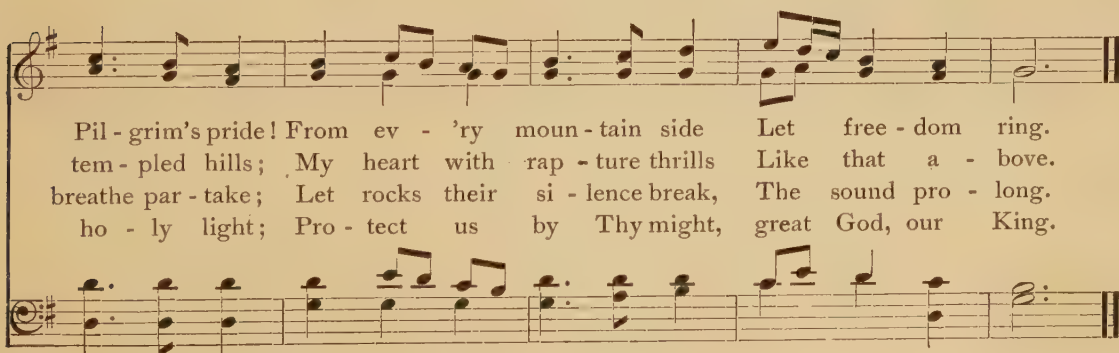
Music by HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

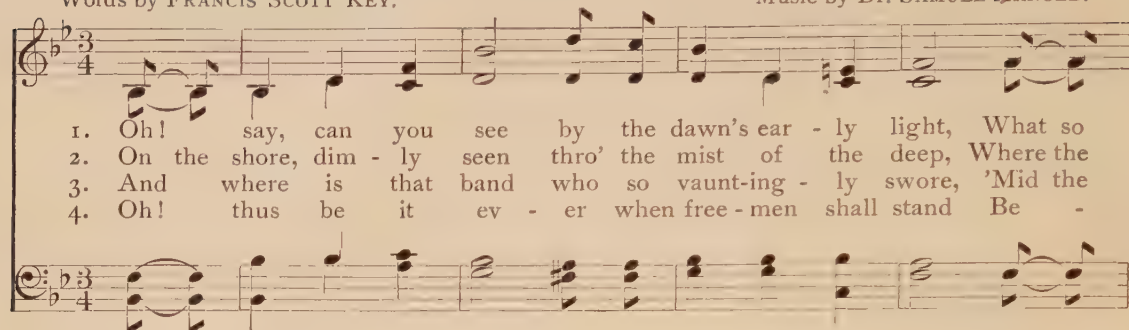


Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, great God, our King.

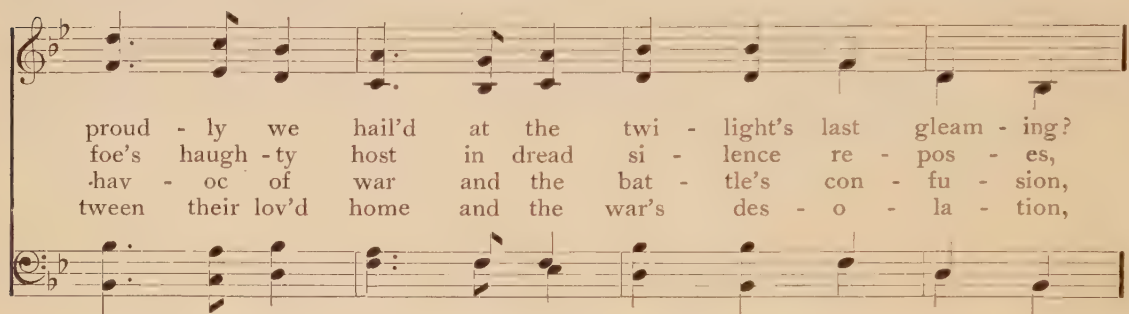
The Star-Spangled Banner.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

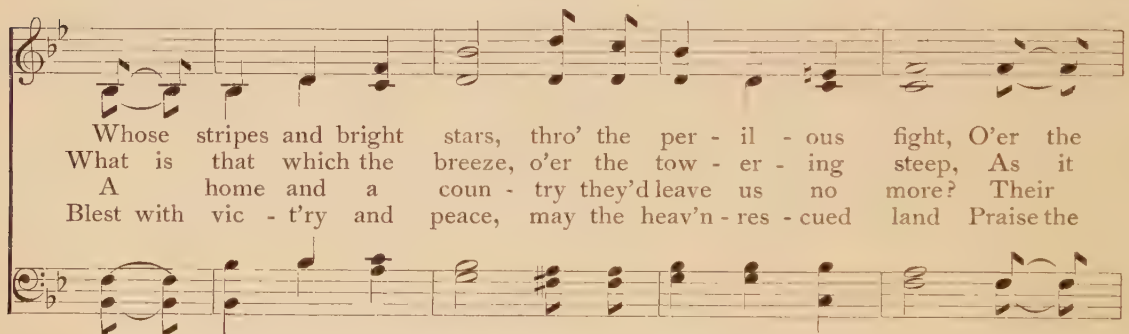
Music by Dr. SAMUEL ARNOLD.



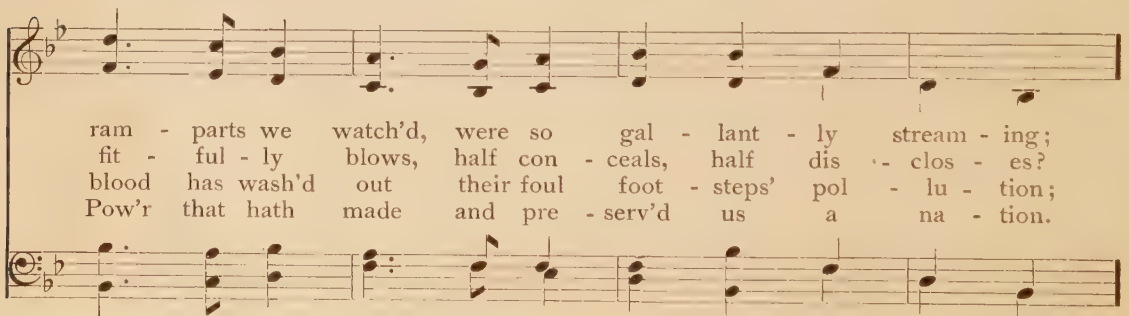
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, 'Mid the
 4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -



proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing?
 foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
 tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion,



Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 A home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their
 Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the

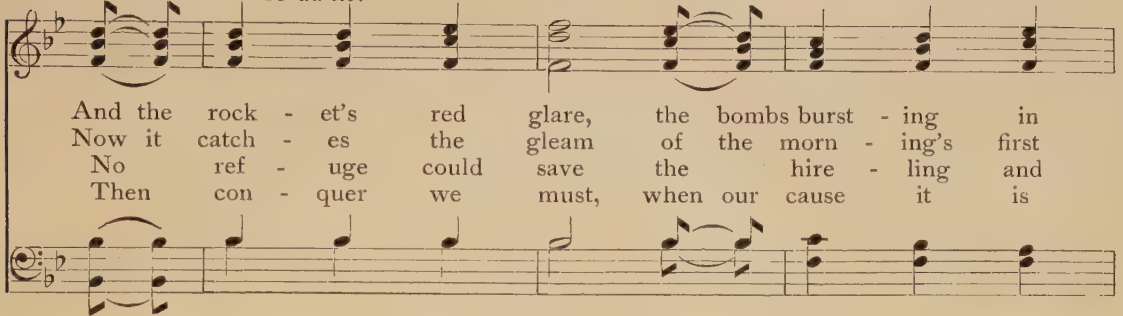


ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing;
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion;
 Pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion.

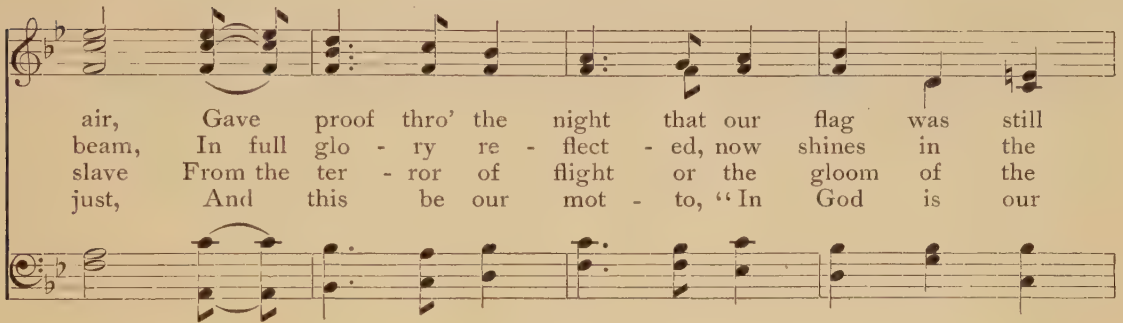
The Star-Spangled Banner.

9

1ST AND 2D ALTO *ad lib.*



And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is

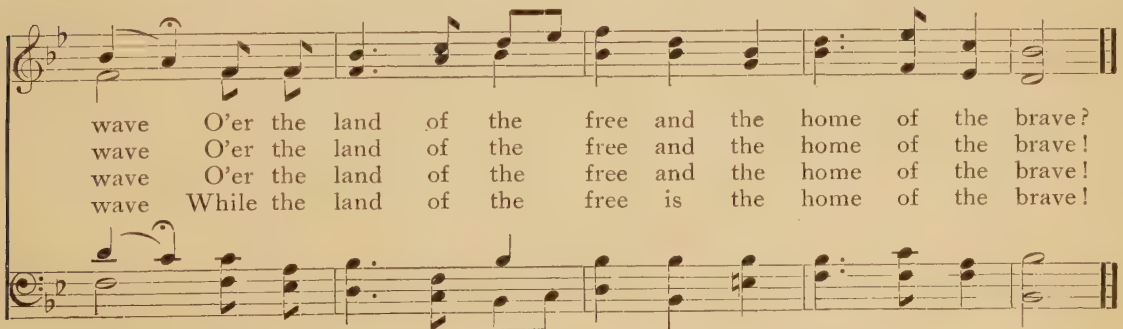


air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
 beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the
 slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the
 just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our

CHORUS.



there. O . . say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
 stream. 'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
 grave. And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
 trust." And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 wave While the land of the free is the home of the brave!

Song of the Trees for Arbor Day.

Words by FRANCES EKin ALLISON.

Music by JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

A song for the trees to - day! . . A song! a song! a song! The

trees we are plant-ing here, Out of the for - est's throng. In av - e - nues they

whisper; To them the south - ern breeze Shall tell his lov - er's sto - ry, The

trees, the love - ly trees! The winter's snow may shroud them, And win - try storms may

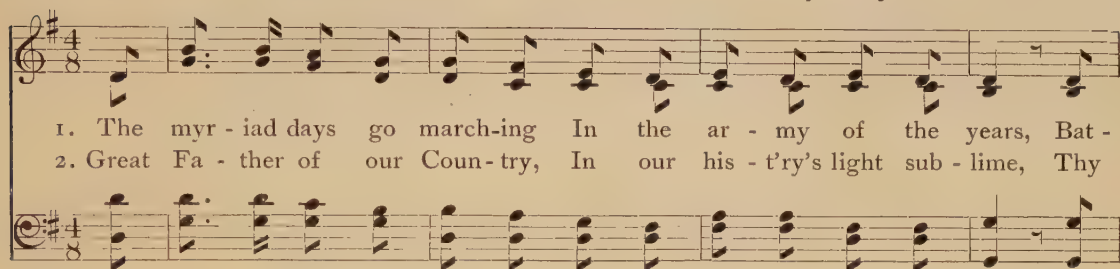
freeze, But spring will al - ways love them, The trees, the bud - ding trees.

Washington's Birthday.

11

Words by FRANCES EKin ALLISON.

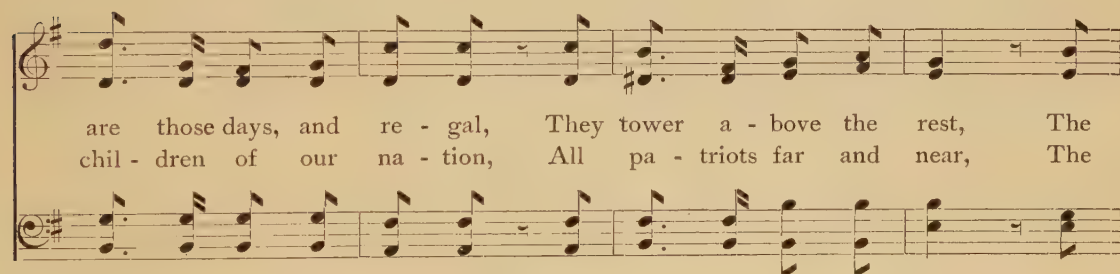
Music by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



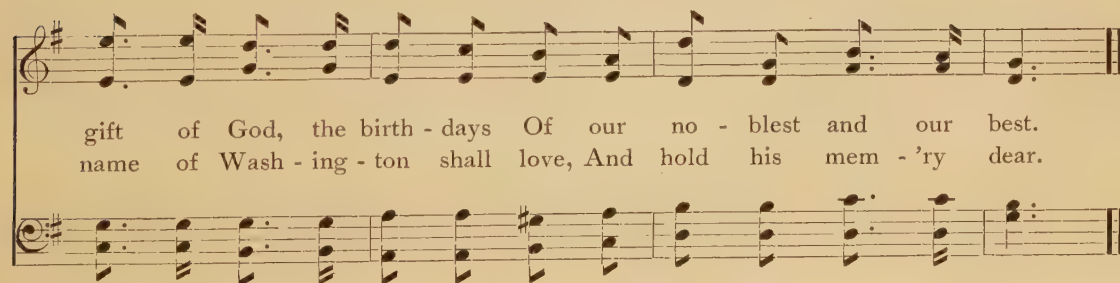
1. The myr - iad days go march - ing In the ar - my of the years, Bat -
2. Great Fa - ther of our Coun - try, In our his - t'ry's light sub - lime, Thy



tal - ions vast are troop - ing 'Mid our si - lence, 'mid our cheers. Proud
name is gra - ven high - est On our gold - en gates of time. The



are those days, and re - gal, They tower a - bove the rest, The
chil - dren of our na - tion, All pa - triots far and near, The



gift of God, the birth - days Of our no - blest and our best.
name of Wash - ing - ton shall love, And hold his mem - 'ry dear.

Hail, Columbia.

Words by JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Music by — FAYLES.

1. Hail, Co - lum - bia! Hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let . . Wash - ing -

The first system of the musical score for 'Hail, Columbia.' It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with two verses indicated by the numbers 1 and 2.

heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who
ton's great name Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

fought and bled in free - dom's cause; And when the storm of
thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let ev - 'ry clime to

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staff.

war was gone, En - joyed . . the . . . peace your
free - dom dear, . . Lis - ten . . . with a

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

val - or won; Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast,
joy - ful ear; With e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He

Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, . . Ev - er grate - ful
gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of hor - rid war, or

for the prize, . . Let its al - tar reach the skies.
guides with ease The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.

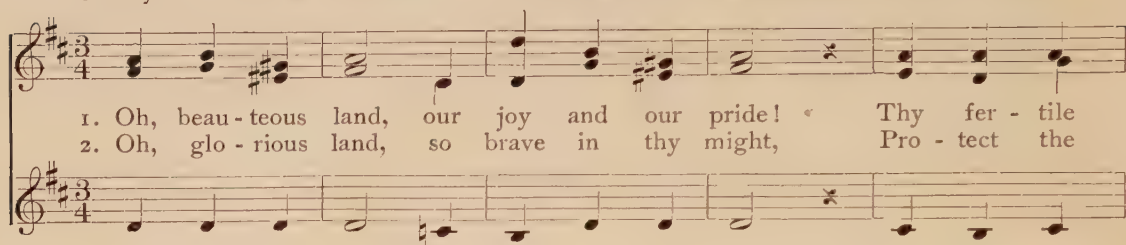
Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty!

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

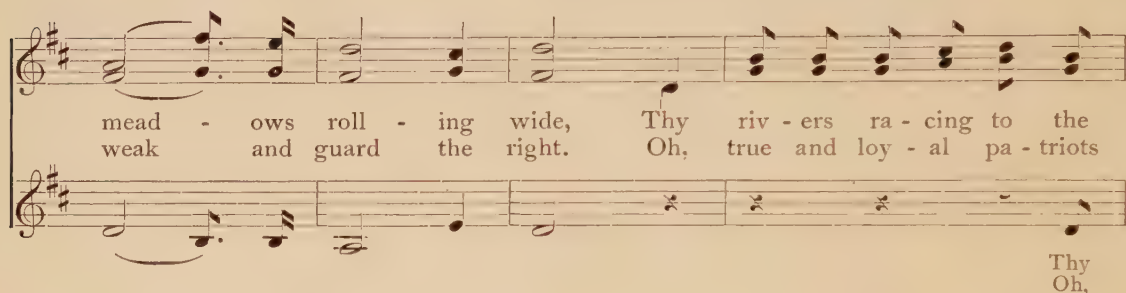
Fair Freedom's Happy Home.

Words by Mrs. ALICE C. D. RILEY.

Bohemian air, arranged by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

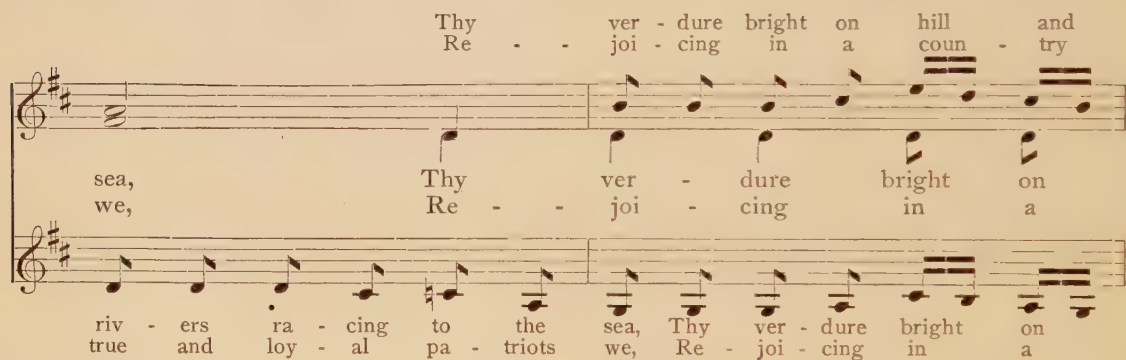


1. Oh, beau - teous land, our joy and our pride! Thy fer - tile
2. Oh, glo - rious land, so brave in thy might, Pro - tect the



mead - ows roll - ing wide, Thy riv - ers ra - cing to the
weak and guard the right. Oh, true and loy - al pa - triots

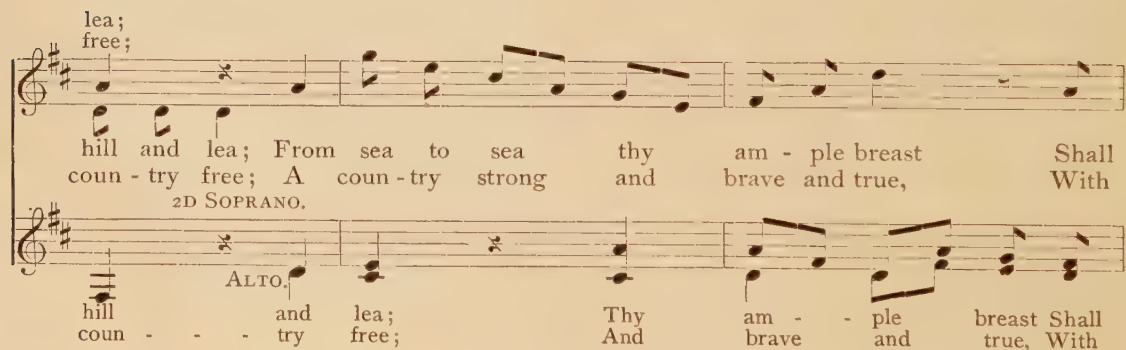
Thy
Oh,



Thy ver - dure bright on a hill coun - try
Re - - - joi - cing in a coun - try

sea, Thy ver - dure bright on
we, Re - - - joi - cing in a

riv - ers ra - cing to the sea, Thy ver - dure bright on
true and loy - al pa - triots we, Re - - - joi - cing in a



lea;
free;

hill and lea; From sea to sea thy am - ple breast Shall
coun - try free; A coun - try strong and brave and true, With

2D SOPRANO.

hill and lea; Thy am - ple breast Shall
coun - - - try free; And brave and true, With

ALTO.

Fair Freedom's Happy Home.

15

give un - to . . thy . . chil - dren rest. All hail to thee! All
will to work . and . . strength to do. All hail to thee! All

give will thy and

hail to thee! Fair free - dom's hap - py home. All

2D SOPRANO.

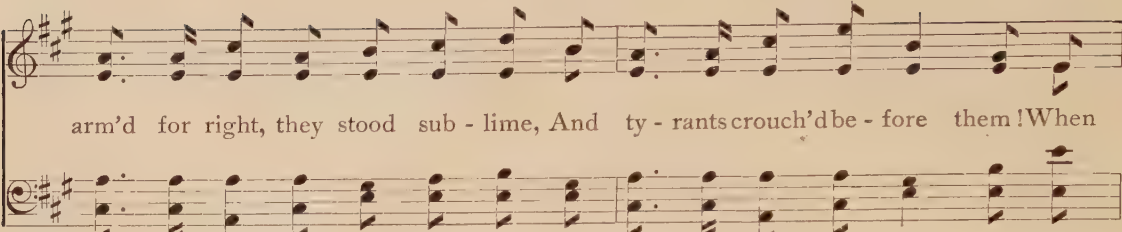
hail to thee! All hail to thee! Fair free-dom's hap - py home!

Oh, For the Swords of Former Time.

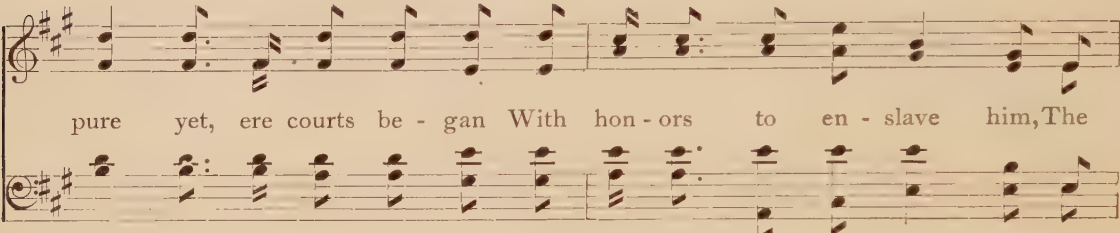
Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Old Irish Melody.
Arranged by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

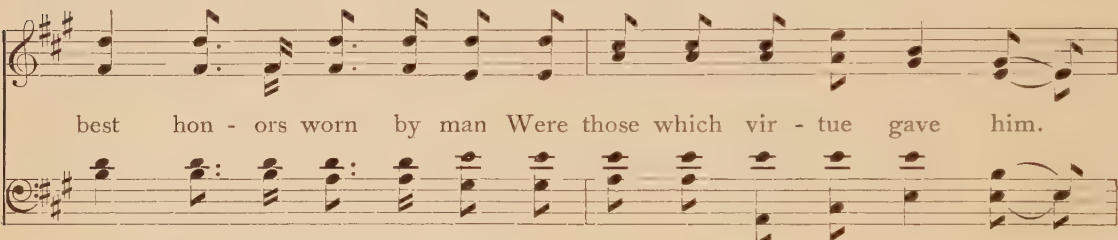
Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When,



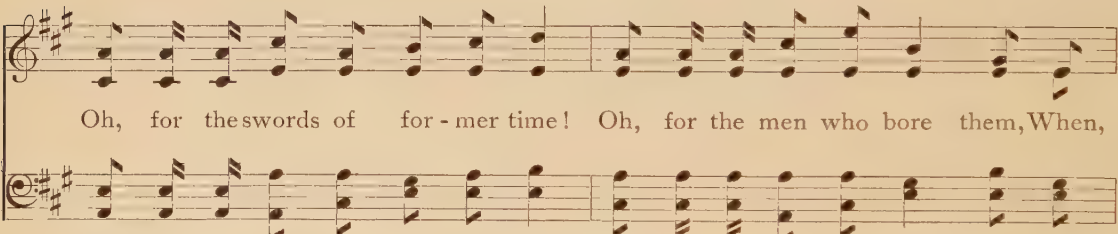
arm'd for right, they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When



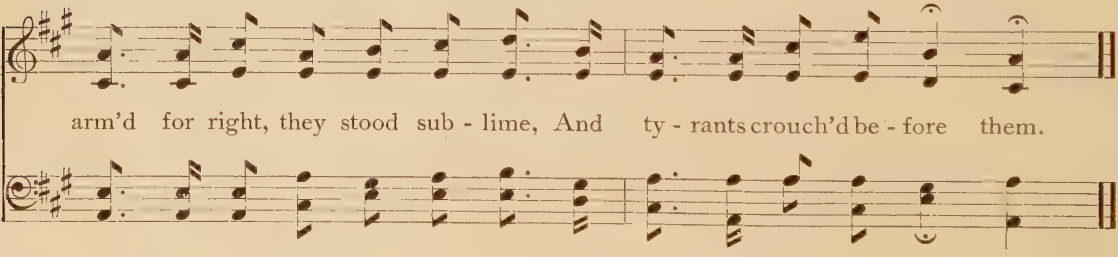
pure yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ors to en - slave him, The



best hon - ors worn by man Were those which vir - tue gave him.



Oh, for the swords of for - mer time! Oh, for the men who bore them, When,



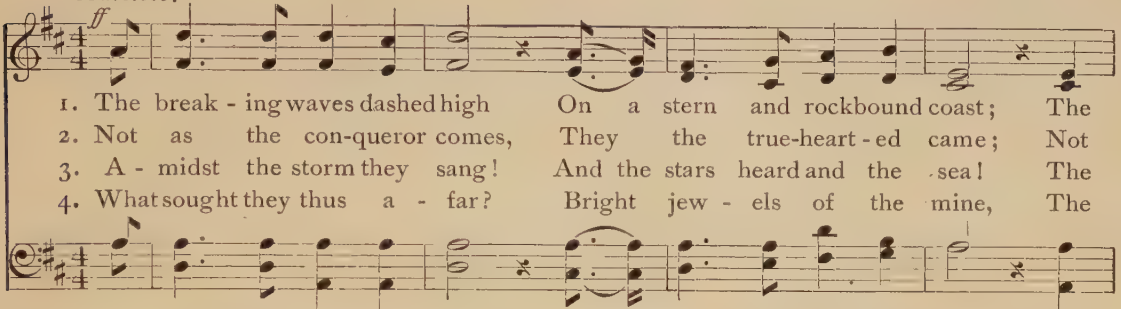
arm'd for right, they stood sub - lime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High.

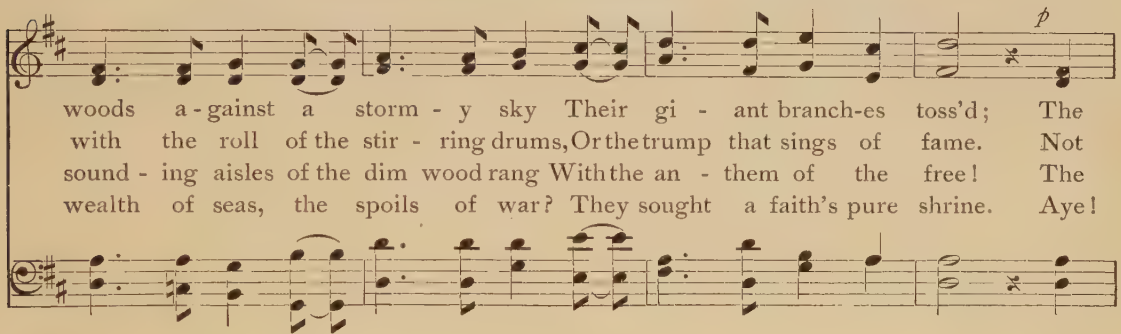
Words by FELICIA HEMANS.

Music by Miss A. BROWNE, Arr.

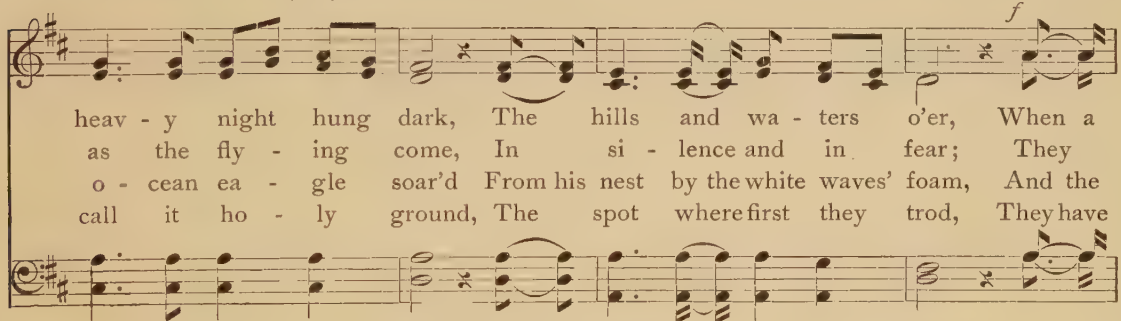
Maestoso.



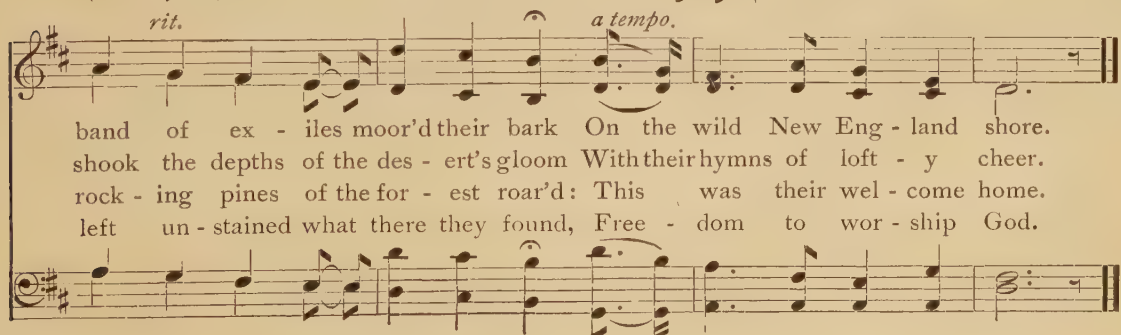
1. The break - ing waves dashed high On a stern and rockbound coast; The
2. Not as the con-queror comes, They the true-heart-ed came; Not
3. A - midst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! The
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine, The



woods a-gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch-es toss'd; The
with the roll of the stir - ring drums, Or the trump that sings of fame. Not
sound - ing aisles of the dim wood rang With the an - them of the free! The
wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine. Aye!



heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They
o - cean ea - gle soar'd From his nest by the white waves' foam, And the
call it ho - ly ground, The spot where first they trod, They have

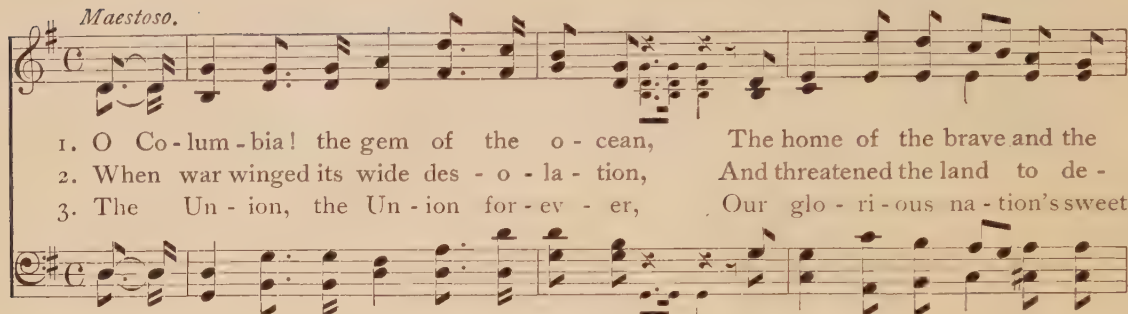


rit. band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
a tempo. shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
rock - ing pines of the for - est roar'd: This was their wel - come home.
left un - stained what there they found, Free - dom to wor - ship God.

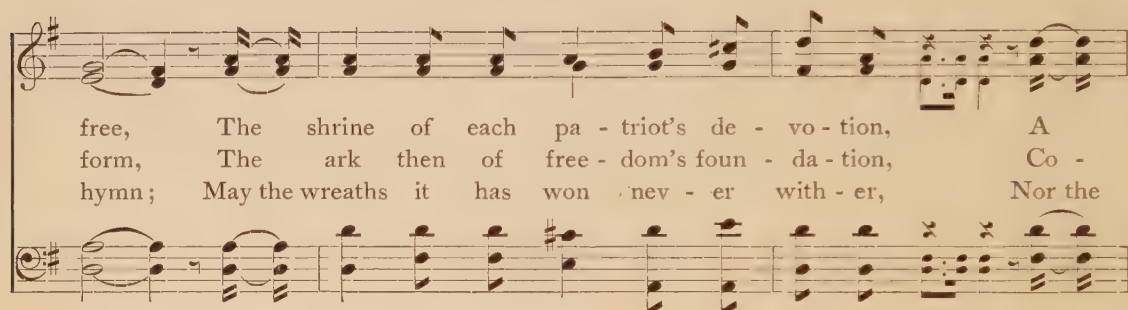
The Red, White, and Blue.

Words and music by DAVID T. SHAW.

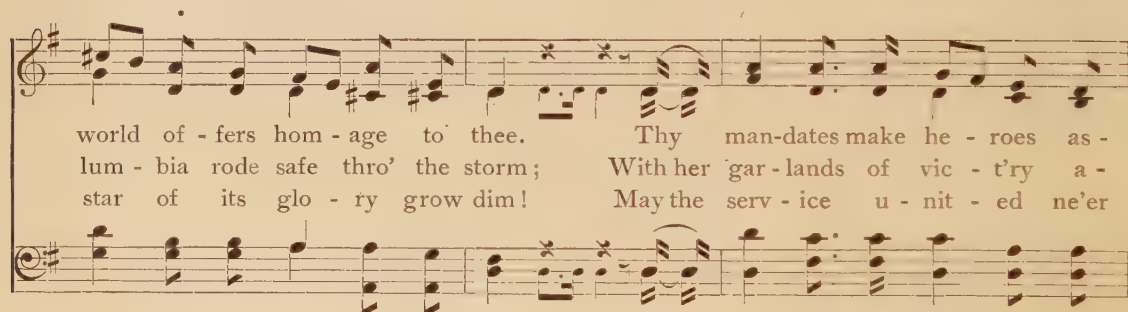
Maestoso.



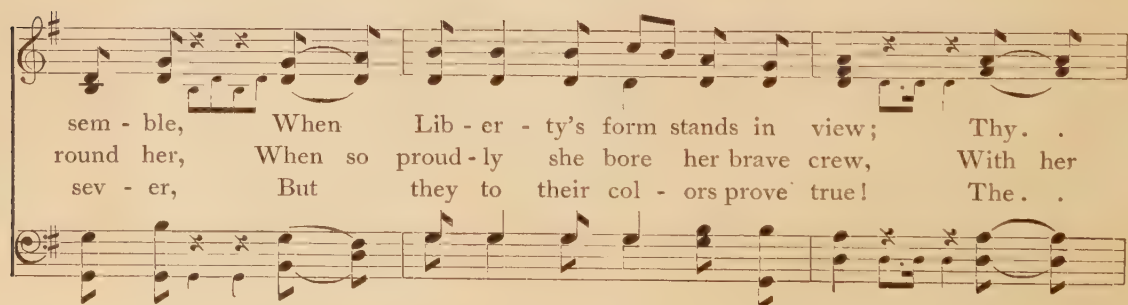
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de -
 3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous na - tion's sweet



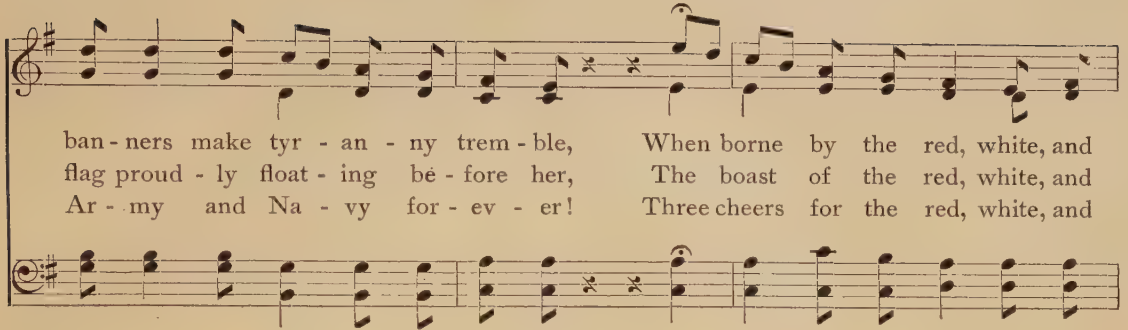
free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A
 form, The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co -
 hymn; May the wreaths it has won nev - er with - er, Nor the



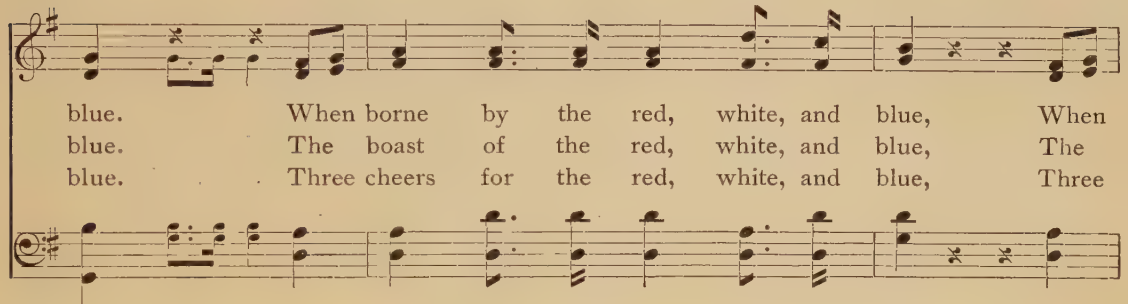
world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man - dates make he - roes as -
 lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
 star of its glo - ry grow dim! May the serv - ice u - nit - ed ne'er



sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy. .
 round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true! The. .



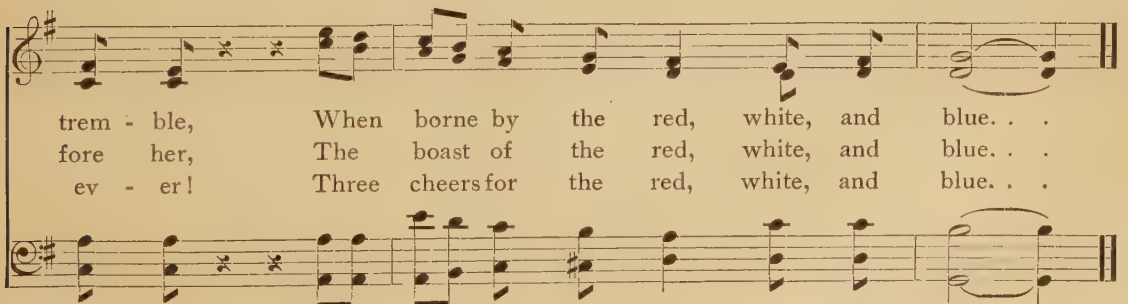
ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and
 Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and



blue. When borne by the red, white, and blue, When
 blue. The boast of the red, white, and blue, The
 blue. Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three



borne by the red, white, and blue; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
 boast of the red, white, and blue; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
 cheers for the red, white, and blue; The Ar - my and Na - vy for -



trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. . .
 fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue. . .
 ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. . .

Home, Sweet Home.

Words by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Music by HENRY BISHOP.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain. Oh, - give me my

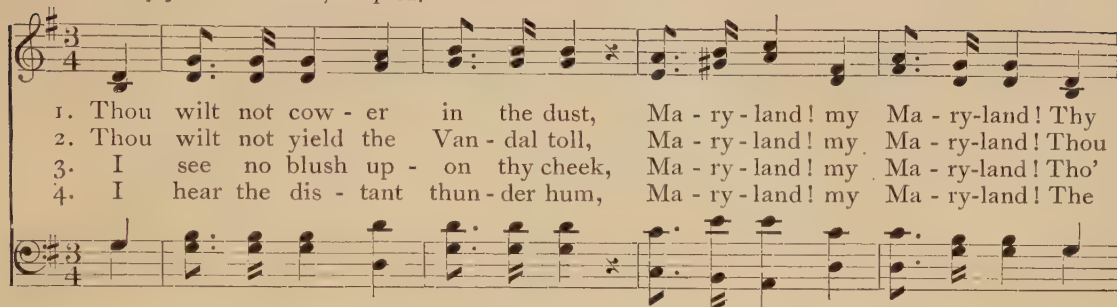
hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gay - ly that

hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, is not met with else-where.
came at my call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

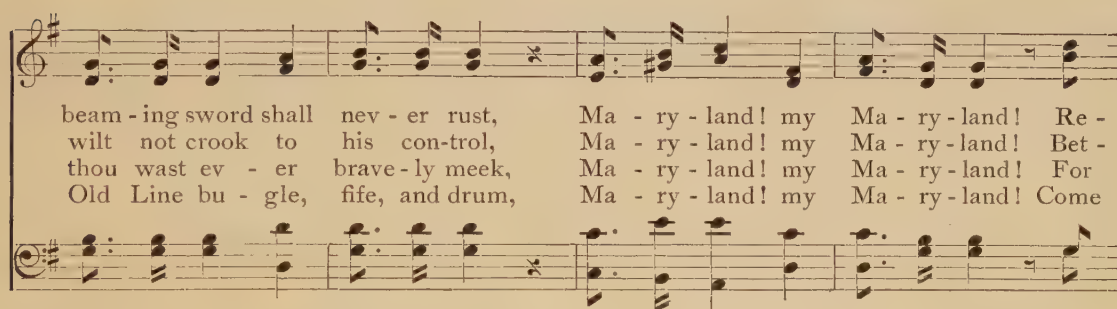
ad lib.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Maryland! My Maryland!

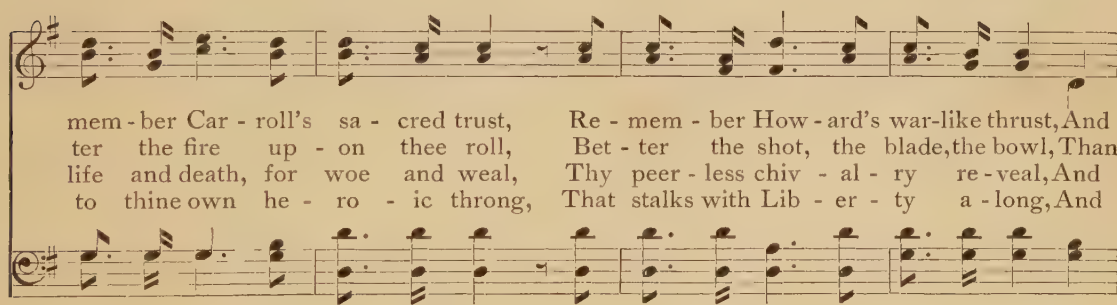
Words by J. R. RANDALL, adapted.



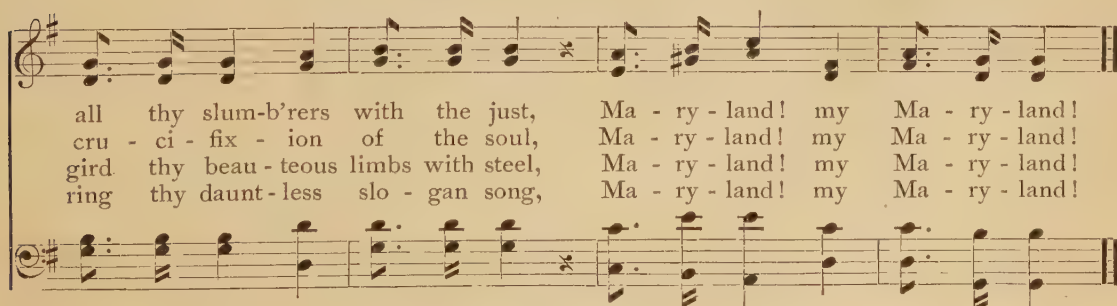
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thy
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Thou
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Tho'
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! The



beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Re -
 wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Bet -
 thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! For
 Old Line bu - gle, fife, and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land! Come



mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust, And
 ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
 life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
 to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And



all thy slum - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
 ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

The Marseilles Hymn.

Music by ROUGET DE LISLE.

1. Ye sons of free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what
Al - ions, en - fants de la pa - tri - e, Le jour de

2. Now, now the dan - g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which wick - ed
Con - tre nous de la ty - ran -

3. O lib - er - ty!—can man re - sign . . thee, Once hav - ing
gloire est ar - ri - vé; The dogs of war, let loose, are

myr - iads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires
men con - fed - rate raise; Can dun - geons, bolts, and bars con -
 felt thy gen - rous flame?

hoar - y; Be - hold their tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their
ni - e, L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé, L'é - ten - dard
 howl - ing, And lo! our walls and cit - ies blaze! And shall we
 fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy

The Marseilles Hymn.

23

tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chiefs
san - glant est le - vé; *En-ten - dez vous, dans les cam -*
 base - ly view the scene, While law - less force, with guilt - y
 no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be -

breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian . . .
pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - . . .
 stride, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and . . .
 wail - ing That false - hood's dag - ger ty - rants . . .

band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While
dats? *Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras, E -*
 wide, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, With
 wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And

The Marseilles Hymn.

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing! To arms, . . to arms, ye
 gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa - gnes! Aux ar - mes, ci - to -
 crimes and blood his hands im - bru - ing? To arms, . . to arms, ye
 all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye

brave! Th'a - ven - ging sword un-sheath! March on, March
 yens! For - mez . . vos ba - tail-lons; Marchons, Mar -

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
 chons, Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil-lons!

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-ven - gingsword unsheath! March on, march
Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons; Mar - chons, mar -

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-ven - gingsword unsheath! March on,
Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons; Mar - chons,

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-ven - gingsword unsheath! March on,
Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons; Mar - chons,

ff

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.
chons, Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

march on, all hearts re - solved On - vic - to - ry or death.
mar - chons, Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

march on, all hearts re - solved On - vic - to - ry or death.
mar - chons, Qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

The Dearest Spot on Earth.

Words and music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me, Is home, 'sweet home; The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've

fair - y-land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home. There where vows are

sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en-dear - ing; All the world is
tru - ly plight-ed, There where hearts are so u - nit - ed; All the world be -

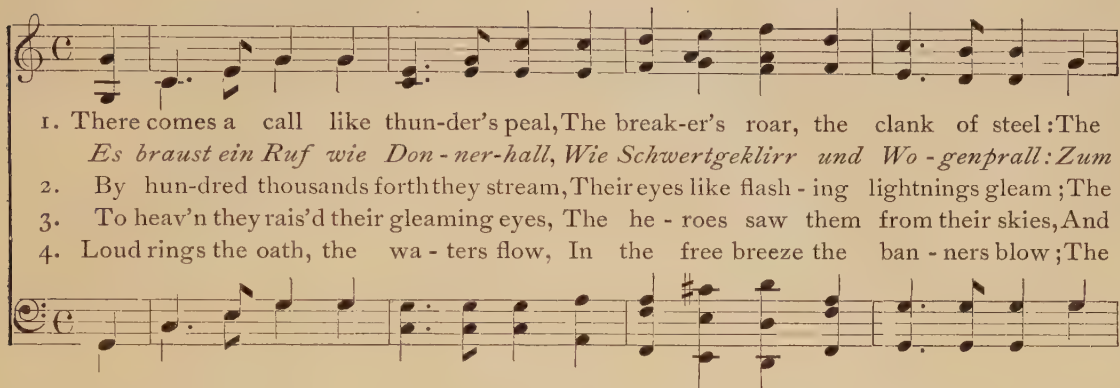
not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is
side I've slight - ed For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is

home, sweet home; The fair - y-land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.

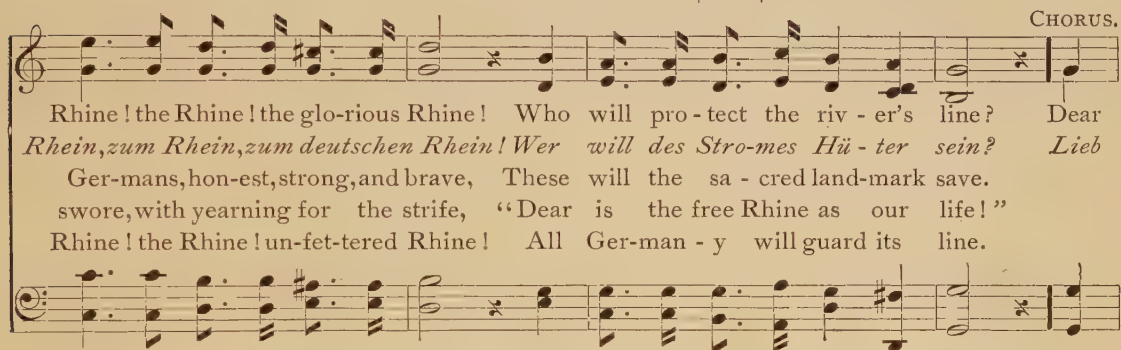
The Watch on the Rhine.

Words by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

Music by CARL WILHELM.

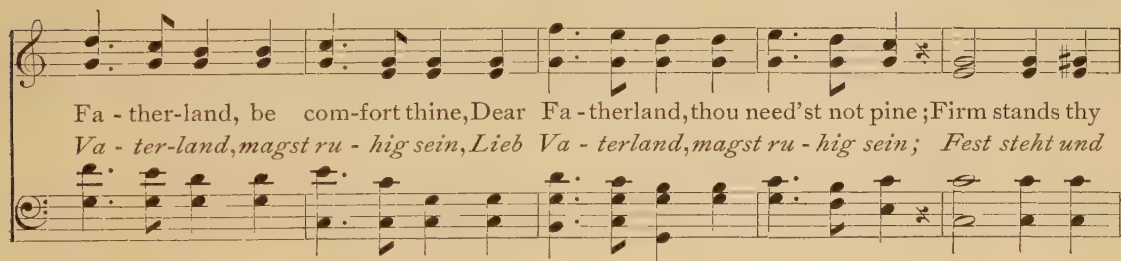


1. There comes a call like thun-der's peal, The break-er's roar, the clank of steel: The
Es braust ein Ruf wie Don-ner-hall, Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wo-genprall: Zum
 2. By hun-dred thousands forth they stream, Their eyes like flash-ing lightnings gleam; The
 3. To heav'n they rais'd their gleaming eyes, The he-roes saw them from their skies, And
 4. Loud rings the oath, the wa-ters flow, In the free breeze the ban-ners blow; The

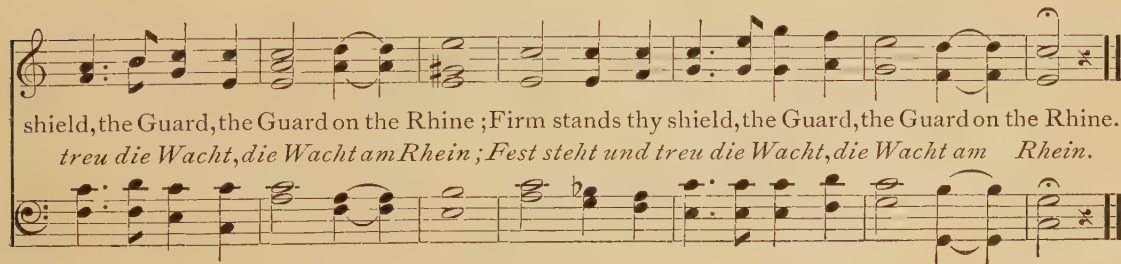


CHORUS.

Rhine! the Rhine! the glo-rious Rhine! Who will pro-tect the riv-er's line? Dear
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will des Stro-mes Hü-ter sein? Lieb
 Ger-mans, hon-est, strong, and brave, These will the sa-cred land-mark save.
 swore, with yearning for the strife, "Dear is the free Rhine as our life!"
 Rhine! the Rhine! un-fet-tered Rhine! All Ger-man-y will guard its line.



Fa-ther-land, be com-fort thine, Dear Fa-therland, thou need'st not pine; Firm stands thy
Va-ter-land, magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va-terland, magst ru-hig sein; Fest steht und

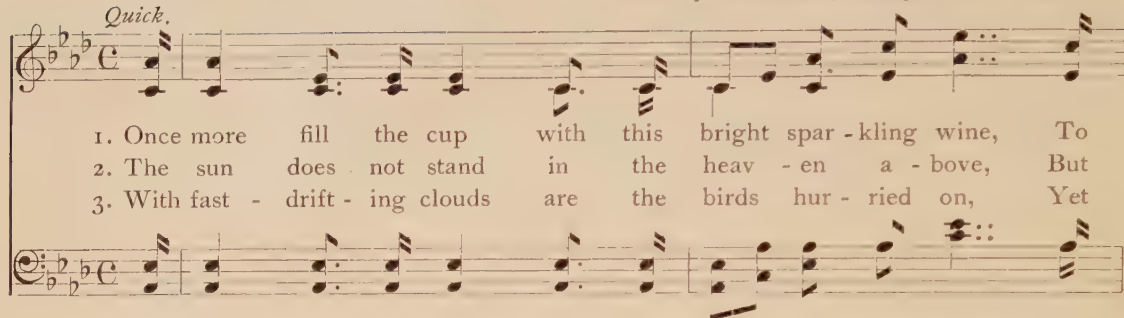


shield, the Guard, the Guard on the Rhine; Firm stands thy shield, the Guard, the Guard on the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein; Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein.

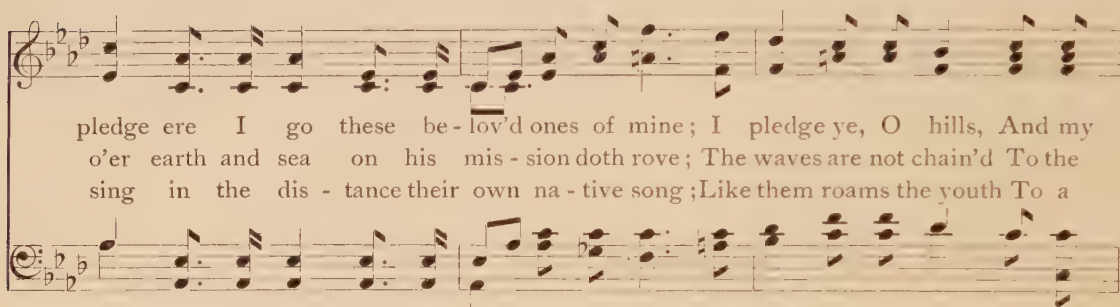
German Student's Song.

Music by SCHUMANN, arranged for this work.

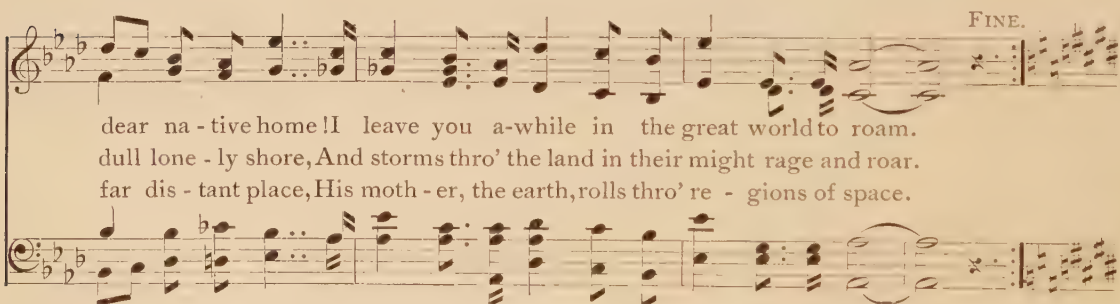
Quick.



1. Once more fill the cup with this bright spar - kling wine, To
 2. The sun does not stand in the heav - en a - bove, But
 3. With fast - drift - ing clouds are the birds hur - ried on, Yet

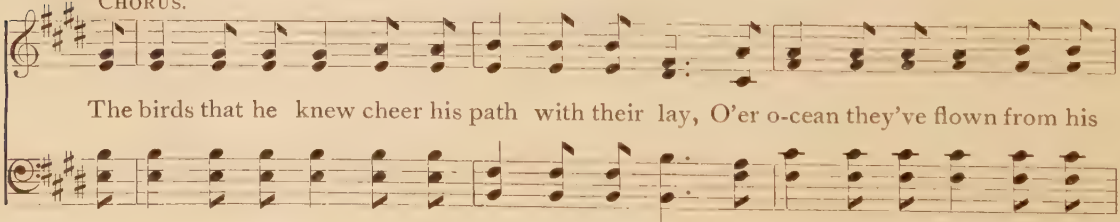


pledge ere I go these be - lov'd ones of mine; I pledge ye, O hills, And my
 o'er earth and sea on his mis - sion doth rove; The waves are not chain'd To the
 sing in the dis - tance their own na - tive song; Like them roams the youth To a



dear na - tive home! I leave you a - while in the great world to roam.
 dull lone - ly shore, And storms thro' the land in their might rage and roar.
 far dis - tant place, His moth - er, the earth, rolls thro' re - gions of space.

CHORUS.



The birds that he knew cheer his path with their lay, O'er o - cean they've flown from his

fields far a - way; The per - fume ex - haled from the fair bloom-ing flow'rs Seems

waft - ed a - far from his own na - tive bow'rs. How oft had those birds soared his

cot - tage a - bove! Those flow'rs he had twined in a wreath for his love; And

rit.
love still doth guide him with soft win - ning hand, And gives him a home in a

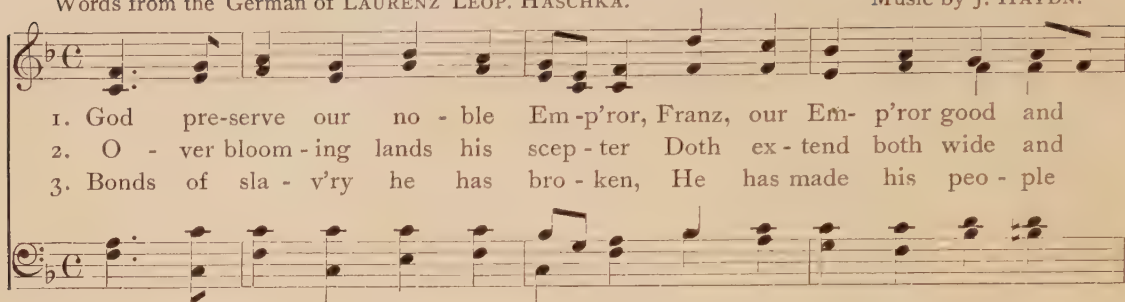
far dis-tant land, And gives him a home in a far dis-tant land.

First stanza al fine. D.C.
INST.

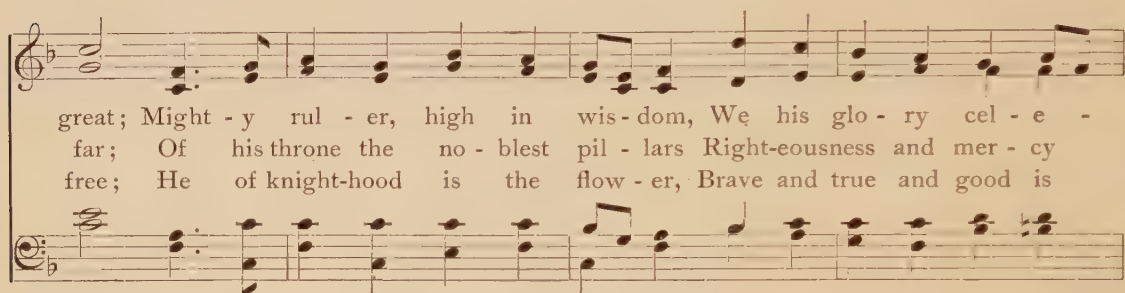
Austrian National Hymn.

Words from the German of LAURENZ LEOP. HASCHKA.

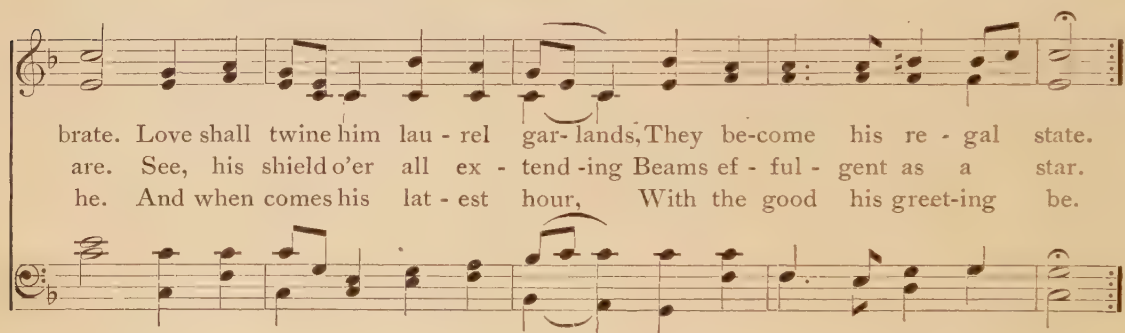
Music by J. HAYDN.



1. God pre-serve our no - ble Em-p'ror, Franz, our Em- p'ror good and
 2. O - ver bloom - ing lands his scep - ter Doth ex - tend both wide and
 3. Bonds of sla - v'ry he has bro - ken, He has made his peo - ple



great; Might - y rul - er, high in wis - dom, We his glo - ry cel - e -
 far; Of his throne the no - blest pil - lars Right-eousness and mer - cy
 free; He of knight-hood is the flow - er, Brave and true and good is



brate. Love shall twine him lau - rel gar-lands, They be - come his re - gal state.
 are. See, his shield o'er all ex - tend - ing Beams ef - ful - gent as a star.
 he. And when comes his lat - est hour, With the good his greet - ing be.

REFRAIN.



God pre - serve our no - ble Em-p'ror, Franz, our Em - p'ror good and great.

Juanita,

Words by Hon. Mrs. NORTON.

Spanish Air, arr. by E. S.

Andantino.

Andantino.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'The South Sea'. It is marked 'Andantino.' and is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is written for two parts: a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment. The score is divided into three measures by repeat signs. The first measure contains the first two lines of the first verse. The second measure contains the first two lines of the second verse. The third measure contains the last two lines of the second verse.

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light

moun-tain beam-ing, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor,
 Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing,
 Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor,
 Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell,
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
In thy heart con - sent - ing

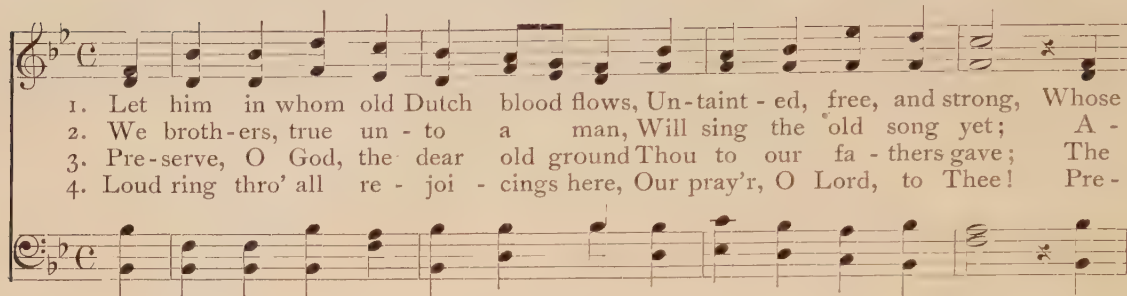
Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
In thy heart con - sent - ing

Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger

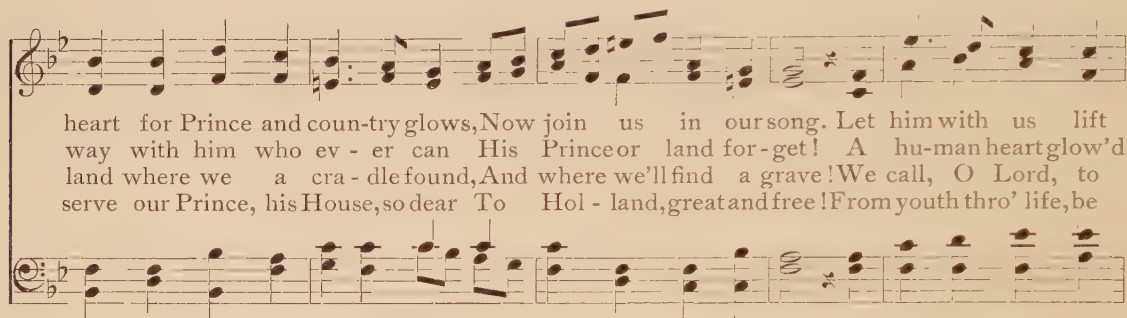
we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood Flows.

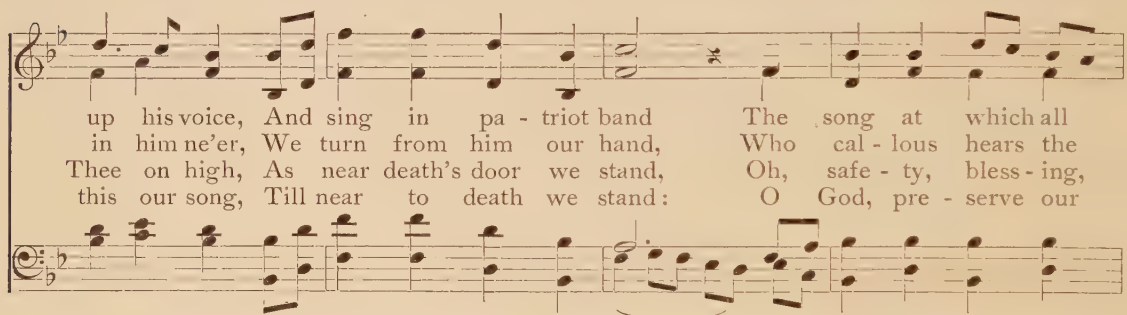
National Air of Holland.



1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-taint-ed, free, and strong, Whose
 2. We broth-ers, true un-to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A -
 3. Pre-serve, O God, the dear old ground Thou to our fa - thers gave; The
 4. Loud ring thro' all re - joi - cings here, Our pray'r, O Lord, to Thee! Pre -



heart for Prince and coun-try glows, Now join us in our song. Let him with us lift
 way with him who ev - er can His Prince or land for-get! A hu-man heart glow'd
 land where we a cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave! We call, O Lord, to
 serve our Prince, his House, so dear To Hol - land, great and free! From youth thro' life, be



up his voice, And sing in pa - triot band The song at which all
 in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal - lous hears the
 Thee on high, As near death's door we stand, Oh, safe - ty, bless - ing,
 this our song, Till near to death we stand: O God, pre - serve our



hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther-land!
 song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther-land!
 is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther - land, For Prince and Fa - ther-land!
 sov-'reign long, Our Prince and Fa - ther - land, Our Prince and Fa - ther-land!

Farewell to the Forest.

Music by MENDELSSOHN.


Andante non lento.

1. Oh! for - est deep and gloom - y, Oh! wood-land, vale, and hill, Of
 2. The for - est soft - ly whis - pers In tones of truth - ful might, It
 3. The tran - quil glades now leav - ing, To dis - tant lands I roam, Life's


all my joys and sor - rows the gen - tle wit - ness still, When
 speaks of ear - nest du - ty, of what is wrong and right; I
 anx - ious toil pur - su - ing, 'Mid stran-gers seek a home; Tho'

all my joys and sor - rows the gen - tle wit - ness still, When sick of
 speaks of ear - nest du - ty, of what is wrong and right; I lis - ten
 anx - ious toil pur - su - ing, 'Mid stran-gers seek a home; Tho' far from


Farewell to the Forest.




sick of world - ly pleas - ures, Leav - ing the bus - y town, I
lis - ten to its teach - ing With pa - tient, hum - ble ear, To
far from hence re - pin - ing, Thrown a - mong world-lings cold, Fond




world - - ly pleas - ures, Leav - ing the bus - y town, I
to . . . its teach - ing With pa - tient, hum - ble ear, To
hence . . re - pin - ing, Thrown a - mong world-lings cold, Fond




world - - ly pleas - ures, Leav - ing the bus - y town, I
to . . . its teach - ing With pa - tient, hum - ble ear, To
hence . . re - pin - ing, Thrown a - mong world-lings cold, Fond




When sick of world - ly pleas - ures,
I lis - ten to its teach - ing
Tho' far from hence re - pin - ing,




seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down; I
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear; To
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old; Fond



seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down; I
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear; To
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old; Fond



seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down; I
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear; To
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old; Fond



seek thy qui - et shad - - - ows, I seek thy qui - et
me the beau - teous lan - - - guage, To me the beau - teous
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, Fond mem - 'ry still shall



seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear.
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - - - ry, lay me down.
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear.
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

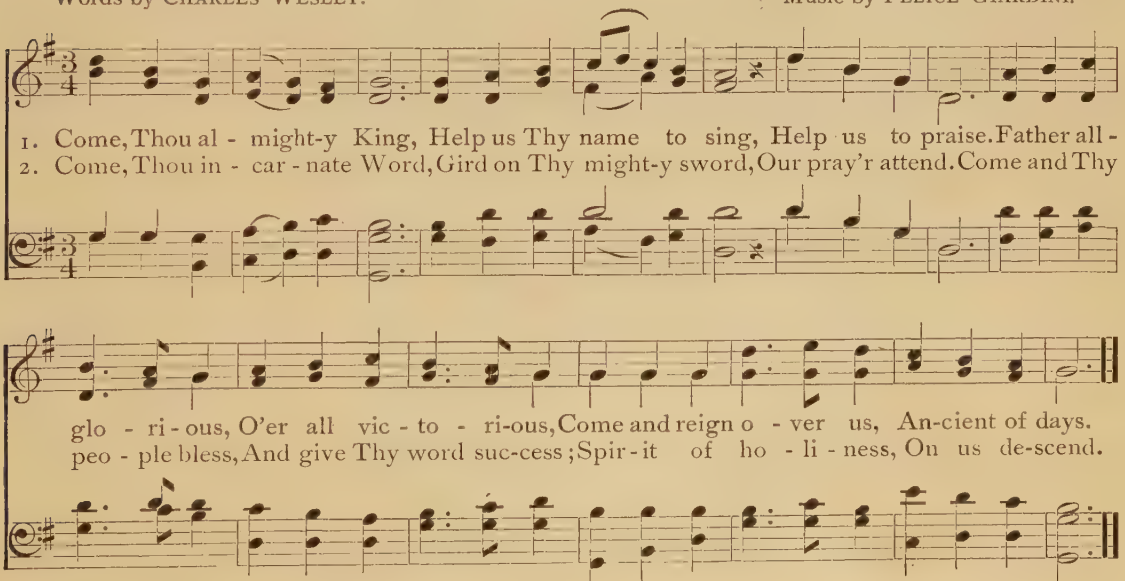
seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.
me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - - er dear.
mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

shad - - - - ows,
lan - - - - guage
charm - - - - me,

Italian Hymn.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al - might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father all -
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our pray'r attend. Come and Thy

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.

National Hymn of Norway.

Words by B. Björnson.

Music by R. NORDRAAK.

f

Love we well our storm-y land, Look forth with vi-sion clear;
Ja vi el-sker det-te Lan-det, Som det sti-ger frem,

Yes, we love our na-tive land And thou-sand homes so dear.
Fu-ret veir-bidt o-ver Van-det, Med de tu-sind Hjem;

p

Cher-ish we the home of par-ents, Land of Norse-men bold, With the
El-sker, el-sker det og taen-ker Paa vor Far og mor, Og den

cres. *f*

sto-ries to us giv-en By the sa-gas old, With those
Sa-ga-nat, som saen-ker, Dröm-me paa vor jord, Og den

weird and won-drous sto-ries, Like lin-g'ring dreams of old!
Sa-ga-nat, som saen-ker, saen-ker Dröm-me paa vor jord.

Rule, Britannia!

Words by JAMES THOMSON.
Maestoso.

Music by DR. THOMAS A. ARNE.
ALL THE GIRLS. *mp*

1. When
2. The
3. Still
4. Thee
5. To
6. The

Brit - ain first, . . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose from out the
na - tions not . . . so blessed as thee. Must in their turn to
more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - - ful from each
haugh - ty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their at-tempts to
thee be - longs. . . the ru - ral reign, Thy cit - - - ies shall with
mus - es, still . . with free - dom found, Shall to thy hap - py

az - ure main, A - rose from out . . . the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in their turn . . . to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke, More dread - ful from . . each for - eign stroke;
bend thee down, All their at - tempts . . to bend thee down,
com - merce shine, Thy cit - ies shall . . with com - merce shine:
coast re - pair, Shall to thy hap - py coast re - pair;

Rule, Britannia!

This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Will but a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, To
 All thine shall be the sub - ject main, And
 Blessed Isle! with match - less beau - ty crown'd, And

guard - ian an - - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 dread and en - - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 Serves but to root . . . thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 work their woe . . . and thy re - nown. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 ev - 'ry shore . . . it cir - cles thine. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
 man - ly hearts. . . . to guard the fair. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - er will be slaves."

CHORUS.

ff

Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;

Brit - ons nev - - - er will be slaves.

The Song of Australia.

Music by CARL LINGER.

Words by Mrs. C. J. CARLETON.

Arranged for this work by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

1. There is a land where sum - mer skies Are gleam - ing with a thou - sand dyes.
 2. There is a land where hon - ey flows, Where laugh - ing corn lux - u - riant grows,
 3. There is a land, where, float - ing free, From mountain top to gir - dling sea,

Blending in witch - ing har - mo - nies, in har - mo - nies; And grass - y knoll and
 Land of the myr - tle and the rose, yes, fair - est rose; On hill and plain the
 A proud flag waves ex - ult - ing - ly, ex - ult - ing - ly; And freedom's sons the

for - est height Are flush - ing in the ros - y light, And all a - bove is
 clus - t'ring vine Is gush - ing out with pur - ple wine; And cups are quaffed to
 ban - ner bear; No shac - kled slaves can breathe the air—Fair - est of Brit - ain's

az - ure bright, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia.
 thee and thine, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia.
 daugh - ters fair, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia, Aus - tra - lia.

The Bosnian Shepherd's Song.

41

Arranged for this work by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

Moderato.

1. Moun - tains bathed in morn - ing light, Lark's sweet lays to
2. Maid, than sun - light bright - er far, Fair - er than the

work in - vite; Come, my flocks, to flow - 'ry mead
morn - ing star; Lips of hon - ey, cheeks of rose,

Shall your lov - ing shep - herd lead; Come, my flocks, to
Fare ye well, till day - light's close; Lips of hon - ey,

flow - 'ry mead Shall your lov - ing shep - herd lead.
cheeks of rose, Fare ye well, till day - light's close.

Ben Bolt.

Words by THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

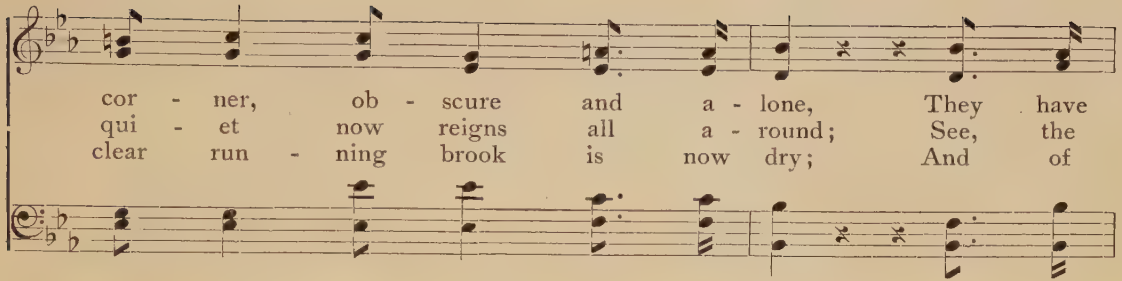
Arranged from NELSON KNEASS, by E. S.

1. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber sweet Al - ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet
 2. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the
 3. Oh! don't you re - mem - ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the

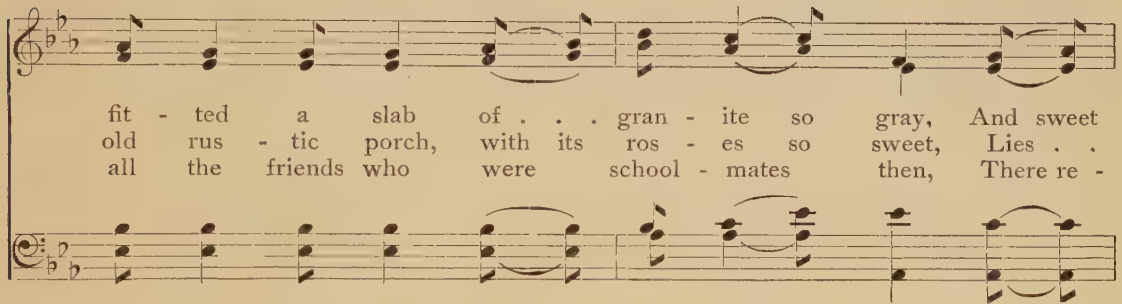
Al - ice with hair . . so brown? She wept with de - light when you
 green sun - ny slope of the hill, Where oft we have sung 'neath its
 mas - ter so kind and so true, And the lit - tle nook by the

gave her a smile, And trem - bled with fear at your
 wide spread - ing shade, And kept time to the click of the
 clear run - ning brook, Where we gath - ered the flow'rs as they

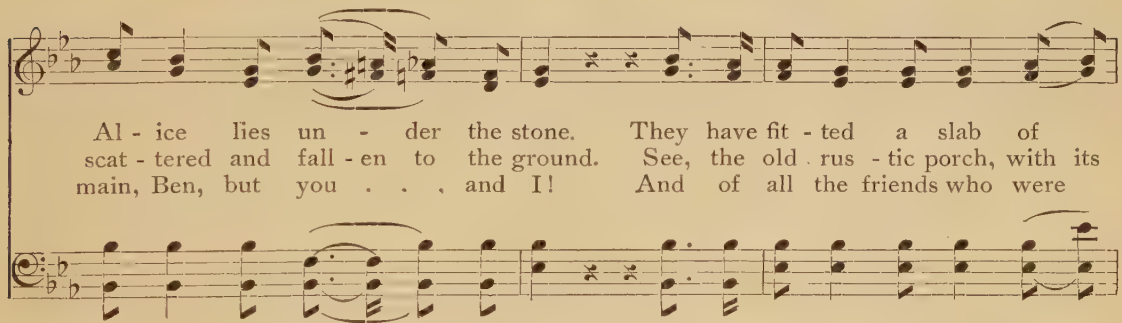
frown. In the old church-yard in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a
 mill? The mill has gone to de - cay, Ben Bolt, And a
 grew? On the mas - ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt, And the



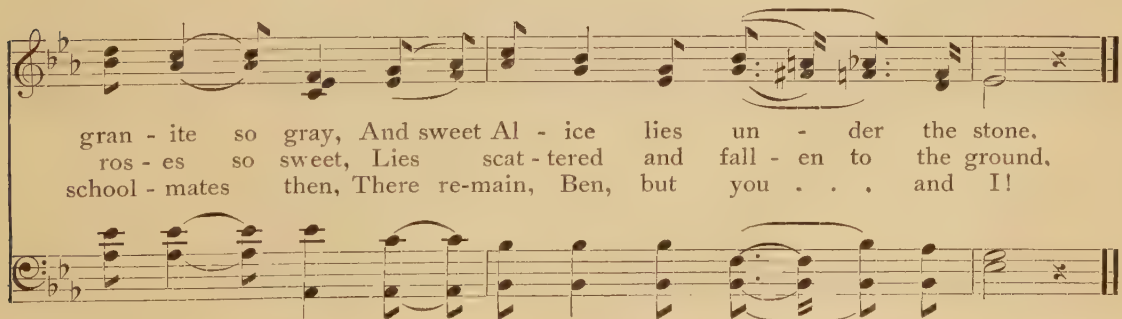
cor - ner, ob - scure and a - lone, They have
qui - et now reigns all a - round; See, the
clear run - ning brook is now dry; And of



fit - ted a slab of . . . gran - ite so gray, And sweet
old rus - tic porch, with its ros - es so sweet, Lies . .
all the friends who were school - mates then, There re -



Al - ice lies un - der the stone. They have fit - ted a slab of
scat - tered and fall - en to the ground. See, the old rus - tic porch, with its
main, Ben, but you . . . and I! And of all the friends who were



gran - ite so gray, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone,
ros - es so sweet, Lies scat - tered and fall - en to the ground,
school - mates then, There re-main, Ben, but you . . . and I!

March of the Men of Harlech.

Welsh poem, translated by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

Welsh air, harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Men of Har-lech! In the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

Wave on wave that sur-ging fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now!

'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men;
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er!

Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In

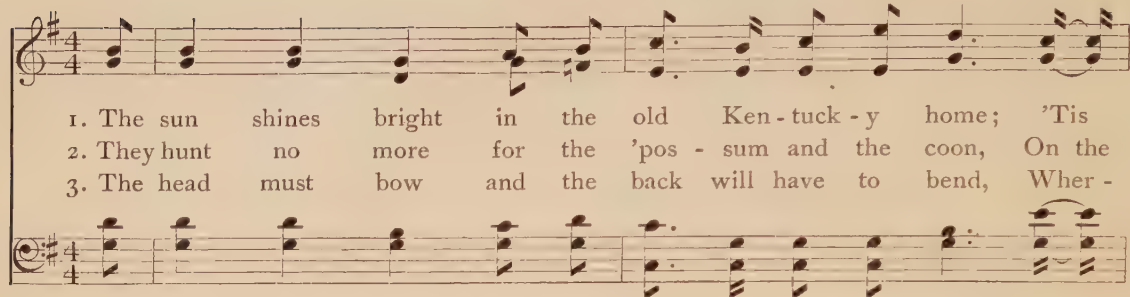
plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!

On-ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har - lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?

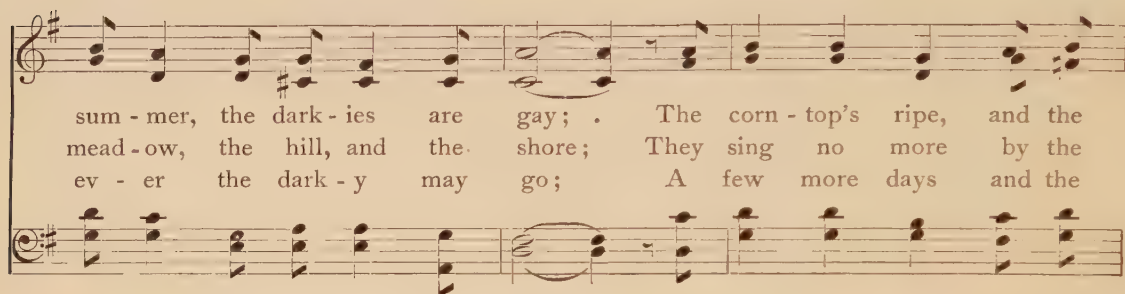
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free - dom! God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free - dom! God, and Right!

My Old Kentucky Home.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.



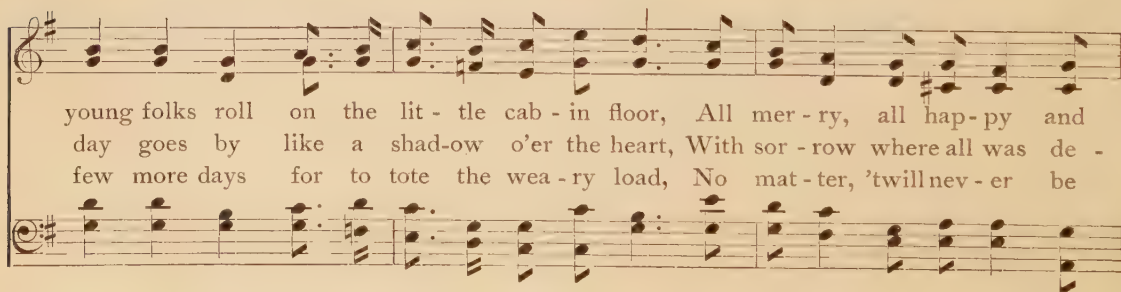
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home; 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



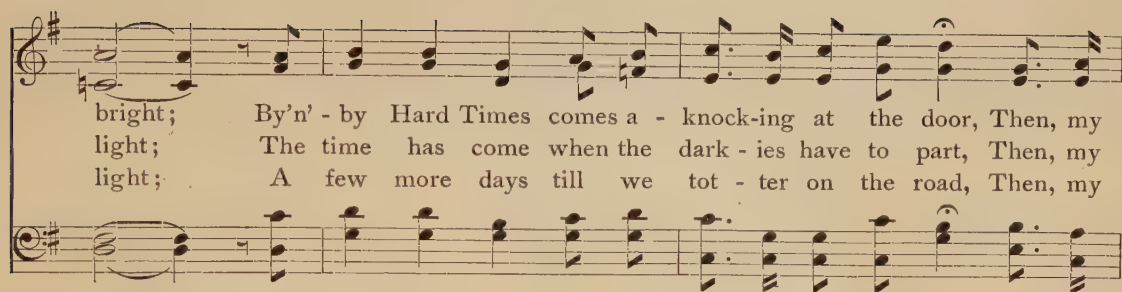
sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay; . The corn-top's ripe, and the
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
 ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the



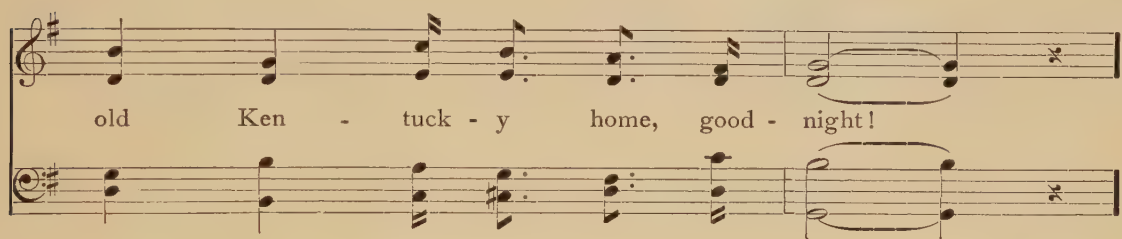
mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The
 trou-ble all will end In the field where the sug-ar canes grow. A



young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-
 few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be

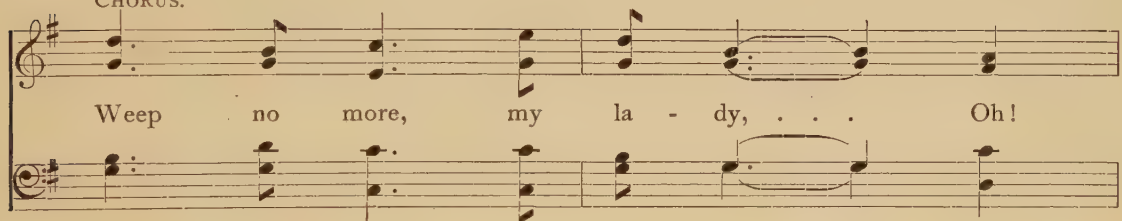


bright;
light;
light;
By'n' - by Hard Times comes a - knock-ing at the door, Then, my
The time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then, my
A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then, my

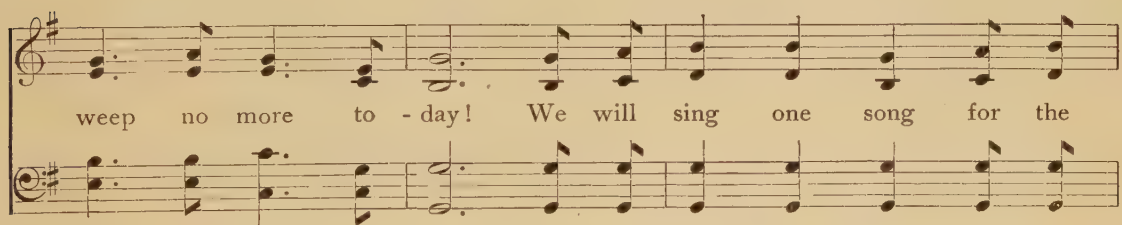


old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night!

CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, . . . Oh!



weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the



old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

Bonnie Doon.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Old Scotch Air.

Andante.

1. Ye banks and braes of Bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How
 2. Oft have I roamed by Bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbinetwine; And

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt
 il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine; Wi'

break my heart, thou war - bling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow'ring thorn, Thou
 light-some heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree, And

mind'st me of de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.
my fause lov-er staw the rose, But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

Home Again.

Words and music by M. S. PIKE.

Arranged by EGBERT SWAYNE.

1. Home a-gain, home a-gain, From a for-eign shore! And oh, it fills my soul with
2. Hap-py hearts, happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, And oh, the friends I lov'd in
3. Mu-sic sweet, mu-sic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

FINE.

joy To meet my friends once more. Here I dropp'd the part-ing tear, To
youth Seem hap-pi-er to me; And if my guides should be the fate Which
charm That time can-not ef-face. Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll

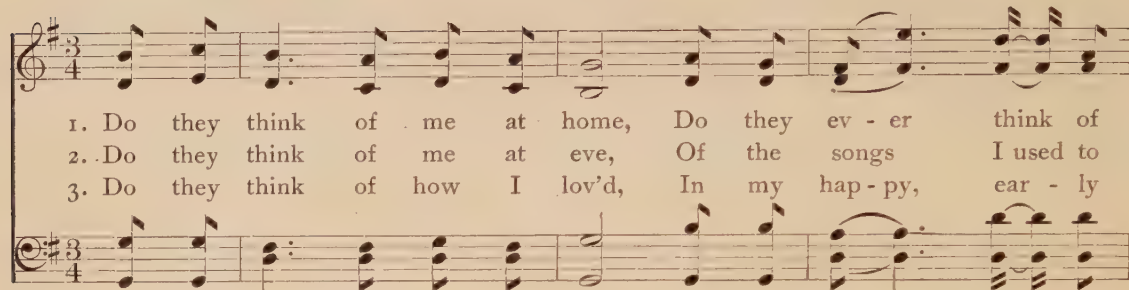
D.C.

cross the o-cean's foam, But now I'm once a-gain with those Who kindly greet me home.
bids me lon-ger roam, But death a-lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
ask no pal-ace dome, For I can live a hap-py life With those I love at home.

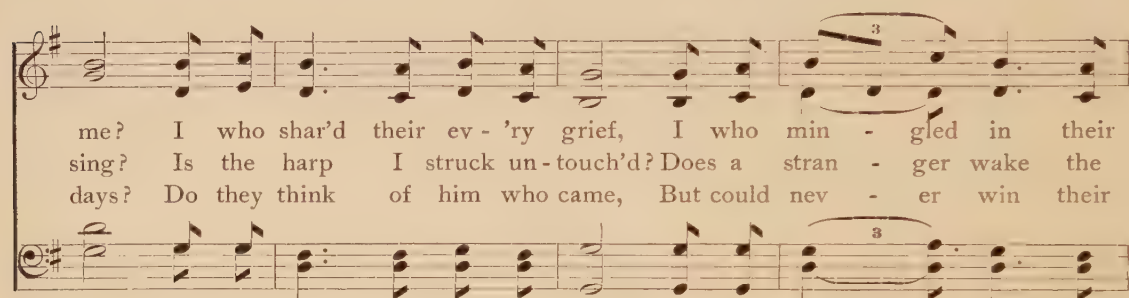
Do They Think of Me at Home?

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

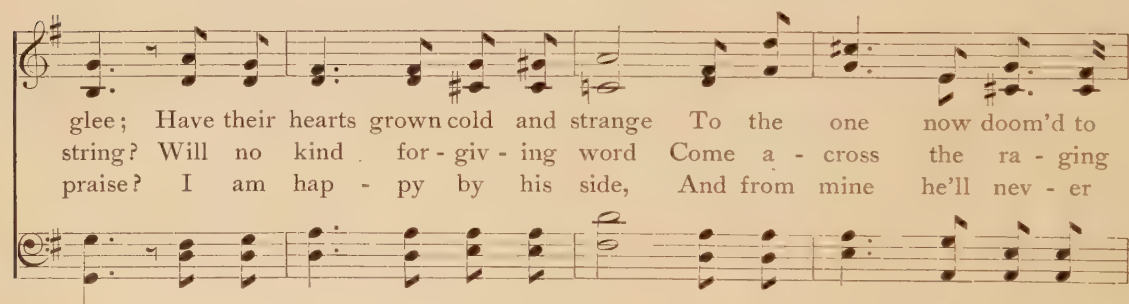
Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.



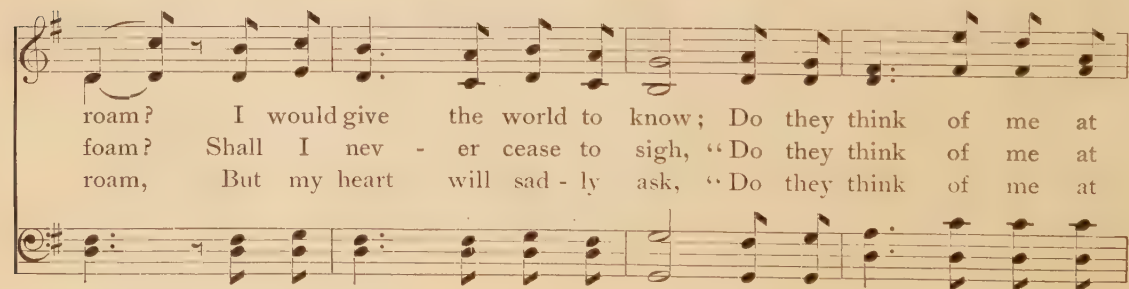
1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of
 2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to
 3. Do they think of how I lov'd, In my hap - py, ear - ly



me? I who shar'd their ev - 'ry grief, I who min - gled in their
 sing? Is the harp I struck un - touch'd? Does a stran - ger wake the
 days? Do they think of him who came, But could nev - er win their



glee; Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to
 string? Will no kind for - giv - ing word Come a - cross the ra - ging
 praise? I am hap - py by his side, And from mine he'll nev - er



roam? I would give the world to know; Do they think of me at
 foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at
 roam, But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at

home? I would give the world to know; Do they think of me at home?
 home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
 home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

Take All My Loves.

Words by SHAKESPEARE.

Music from the Russian, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

1. Take all my loves, my love; yea, take them all; What hast thou then more than thou
 2. Then, if for my love, thou my love re - ceiv - est, I can - not blame thee, for my
 hast be - fore? No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call; All
 love thou use; But yet be blam'd if thou thy - self de - ceivest By
 No love, my love,
 But yet be blamed,
 mine was thine be - fore thou hast this more.
 wil - ful taste of what thy - self re - fuse.

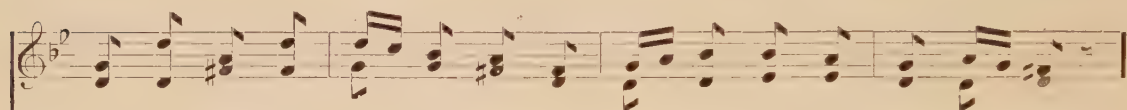
In a Garden.

Words from the German of WINTERSET.

Music from the Russian, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



1. In a gar - den flow'rs are bloom - ing, Ros - es, pinks, and eg - lan - tine;
 2. One tall roſe in no - ble beau - ty Seems the queen of all the throng,



All the balm - y air per - fum - ing, Bright - ly glow the col - ors fine.
 While a - round, in hum - ble du - ty, All the sweet world thrills in song.



Gar - den fair, Gar - den fair, Canst thou give thy heart to me?



Bloom - ing, per - fume giv - ing, My heart be like to thee.




Far Below Us, o'er the Rocks, the River Rushes.

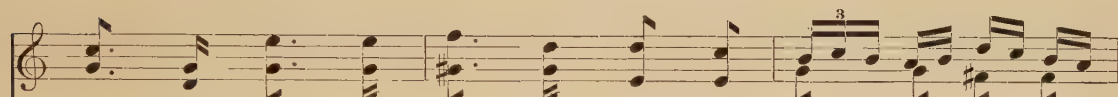
Words from the German of MATTHIAS.

Music from the Russian, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

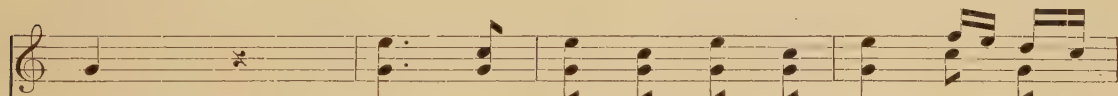
Moderato.




1. Far be - low us, o'er the rocks, the riv - er
2. From the far - off moun - tains came these rush - ing
3. Ev - er on - ward to the o - cean rolls the



rush - es, Foam - ing, dash - ing, push - ing, push - ing to the
tor - rents, Ma - nya win - ter snow, and ma - nya sum - mer
riv - er, Ev - er fill - ing, ev - er swell - ing, no - bler



sea; Foam - ing, dash - ing, crash - ing, roam - ing, tu -
rain; Foam - ing, dash - ing, crash - ing, roam - ing, tu -
grown; Foam - ing, dash - ing, crash - ing, roam - ing, tu -
Oh, hear the foam -

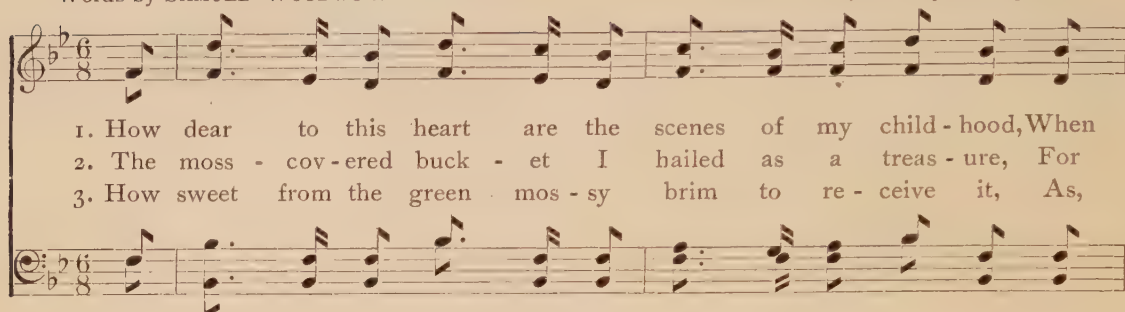


mul - tuous to the sea, And ev - er to the sea.

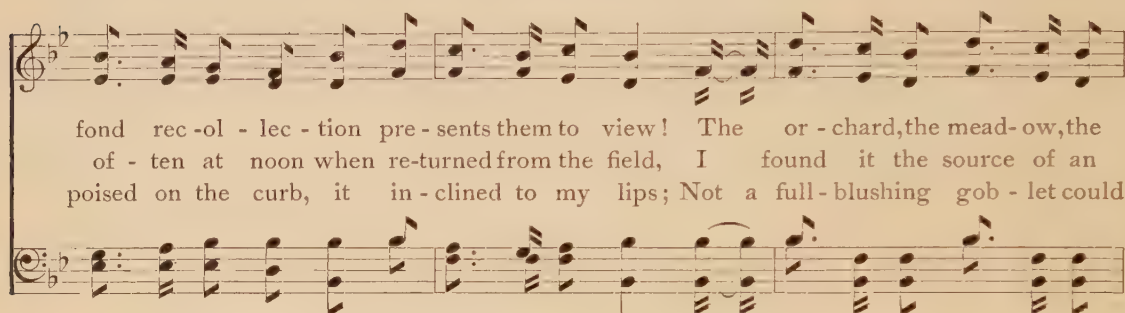
The Old Oaken Bucket.

Words by SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

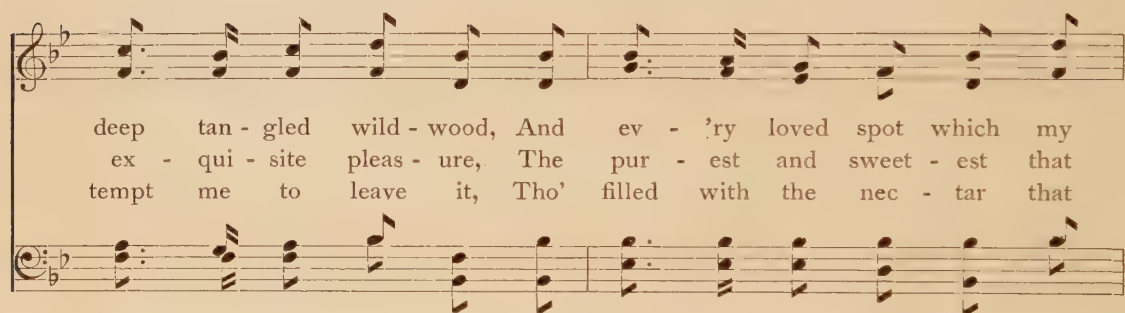
Air, "Araby's Daughter."



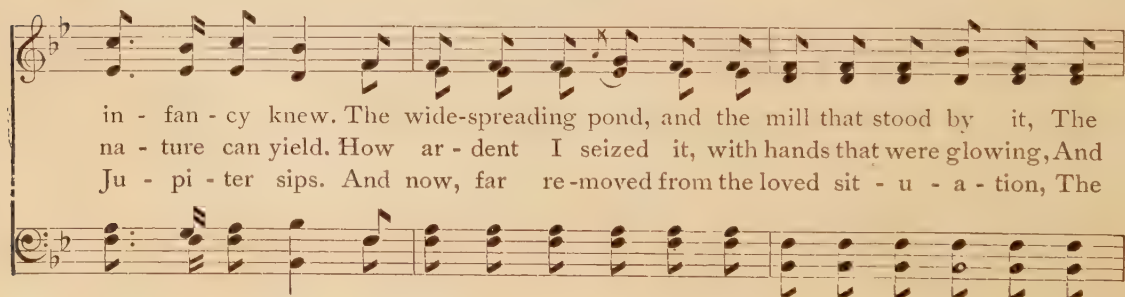
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
 2. The moss - cov - ered buck - et I bailed as a treas - ure, For
 3. How sweet from the green - mos - sy brim to re - ceive it, As,



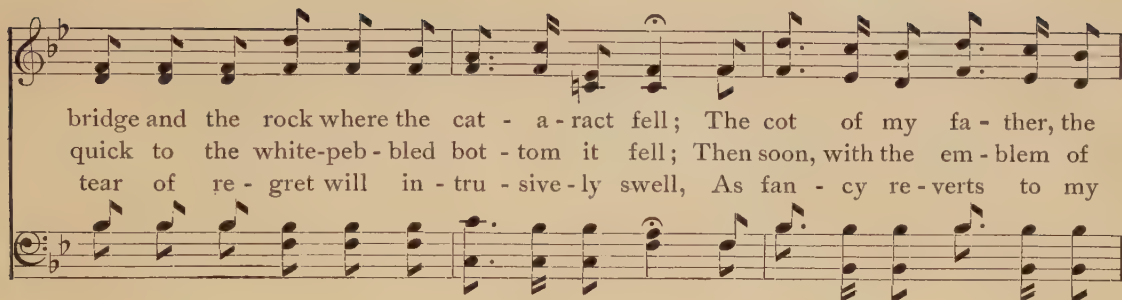
fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the
 of - ten at noon when re - turned from the field, I found it the source of an
 poised on the curb, it in - clined to my lips; Not a full - blushing gob - let could



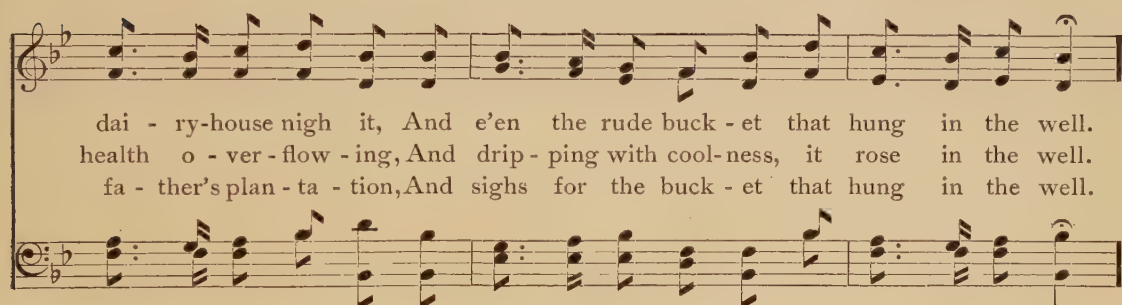
deep tan - gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my
 ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that
 tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nec - tar that



in - fan - cy knew. The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The
 na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were glowing, And
 Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - moved from the loved sit - u - a - tion, The

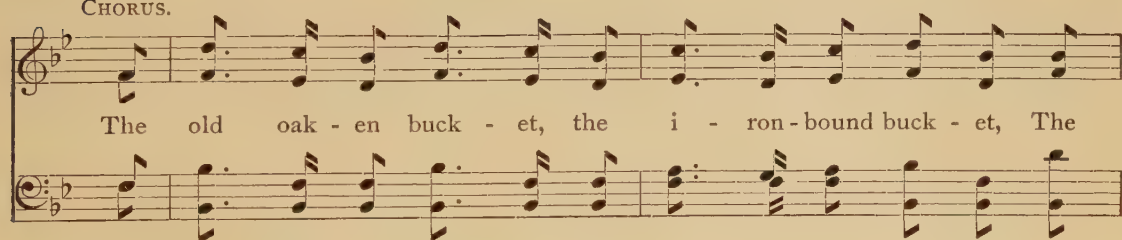


bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my fa - ther, the
quick to the white-peb - bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the em - blem of
tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my

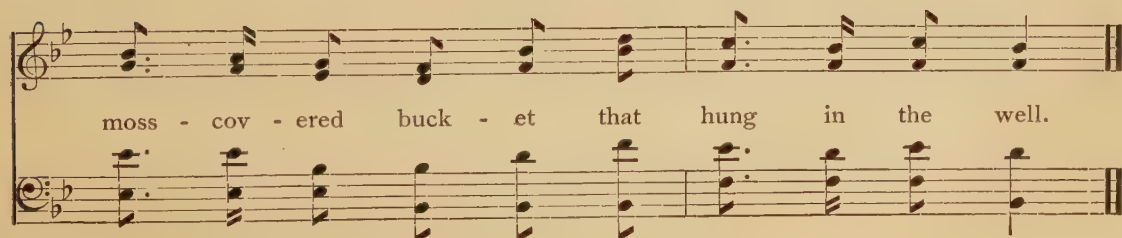


dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.
health o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose in the well.
fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.

CHORUS.



The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The



moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.

The Hazel Dell.

Words and music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Hazel Dell'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3.

1. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's
2. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's
3. Now I'm wea - ry, friendless, and for -

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note C5, a quarter note B4, and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sleep - ing, Nel - ly loved so long; And my lone - ly, lone - ly watch I'm
 sleep - ing, Where the flow - ers wave; And the si - lent stars are night - ly
 sak - en, Watch - ing here a - lone; Nel - ly, thou no more wilt fond - ly

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note E4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

keep - ing, Nel - ly lost and gone; Here in
 weep - ing O'er poor Nel - ly's grave. Hopes that
 cheer me With thy lov - ing tone. Yet for -

moon-light of - ten we have wan - dered, Thro' the si - lent shade, Now where
 once my bos - om fond-ly cher - ished Smile no more on me; Ev - 'ry
 ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age In my mem - 'ry dwell, And my

leaf - y branch - es droop - ing down - ward, Lit - tle Nel - ly's laid.
 dream of joy, a - las, has per - ished, Nel - ly dear, with thee.
 tears thy lone - ly grave shall mois - ten, — Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

CHORUS. *2d time pp.*

All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my

dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, — Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

O My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Music arranged from the Russian,
by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



1. O my love is like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And rocks melt with the



June; . . O my love is like the mel - o - dy That's sweet-ly played in
sun; . . And I will love thee still, my dear, While sands of life shall



tune. As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am
run. And fare thee well, my on - ly love, And fare thee well a -



I— . . And I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
while, And I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.




Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

59

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.



1. Round de mead-ows am a ring - ing, De
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing,
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him,



dark - y's mourn - ful song, While de mock - ing bird am sing - ing,
When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing,
Cayse he was so kind; Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,



Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing,
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange tree am bloom - ing,
Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not work be - fore to - mor - row,

O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing,
On de sand - y shore; Now de sum - mer days am com - ing,
Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.

Sleeping in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn field, Hear dat mournful
Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.
Pick - in on de old ban - jo.

sound: All de dark-ies am a weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Sweet May Is Here.

Words from the German of OFER.

Melody from the Russian "The Troina."
Arranged by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

1. In blos-soms fair . . the fields ap - pear, With balm - y air sweet May is
2. In blos-soms fair . . the fields ap - pear, With balm - y air sweet May is
3. In blos-soms fair . . the fields ap - pear, With balm - y air sweet May is

here. No bough where blos - soms are not seen, No field which does not don its
here. No breeze that does not fra-grance bring, No bird that does not light - ly
here. No cloud up - on the heav - en's blue That gives it not a deep - er

green; No flow'r that does not in-cense raise, As if to say, "Give God the praise."
swing And sing thro' meadow, wood, and air, "Welcome God's world, so wondrous fair."
hue; No sun-beam but with gold-en ray New glo-ry add - eth to the day.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Melody, arranged for this work.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends so linked to - geth - er,

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me; The
I've seen a - round me fall Like leaves in win - try weath - er; I

smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!

REFRAIN.

Thus in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
Chorus humming with closed lips.

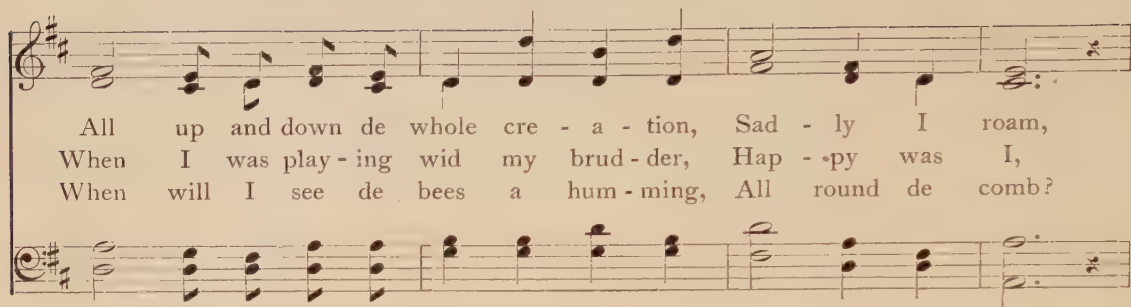
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

Old Folks at Home.

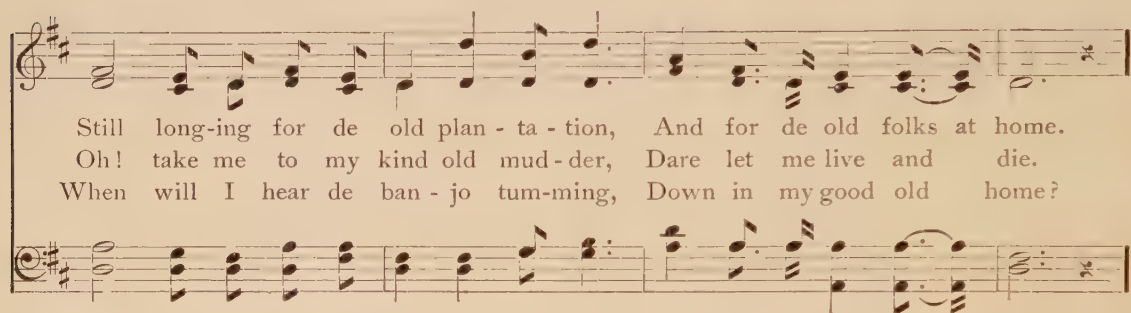
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Way down up - on de S'wa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

Dare's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dare's wha de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

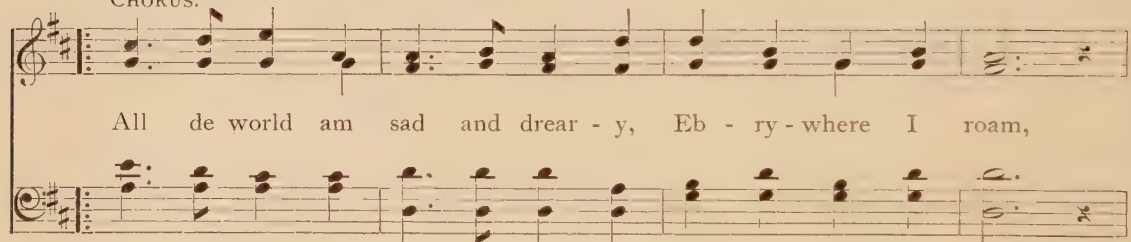


All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
When will I see de bees a hum - ming, All round de comb?

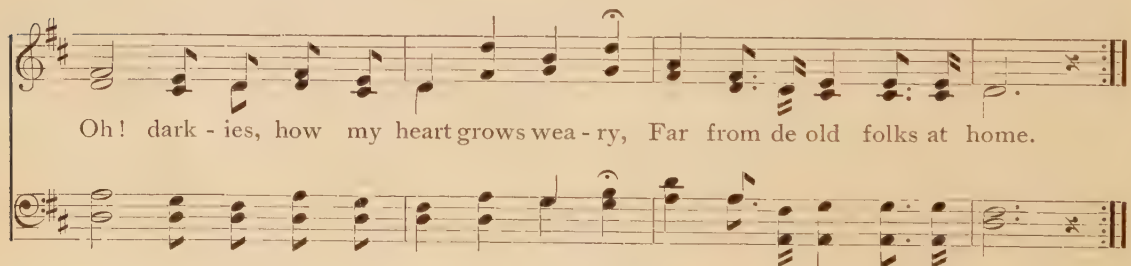


Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dare let me live and die.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry - where I roam,



Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

The Minstrel Boy.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish air "The Moreen," newly arranged.



1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min - strel fell! But the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul



find . . him; His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his
un - der; His harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he



wild harp slung be - hind him. "Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho'
tore its chords a - sun - der; And said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou



all the world be - trays . . thee, *One* sword, at least, thy
soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy songs were made for the



rights shall guard, *One* faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
brave and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - er - y."



Away with Melancholy.

Music from "The Magic Flute," by MOZART.

Andante.

A - way with mel - an - chol - y, Nor dole - ful chan - ges ring On

The first system of the musical score for 'Away with Melancholy'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass and treble clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are 'A - way with mel - an - chol - y, Nor dole - ful chan - ges ring On'.

life and hu - man fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing fal la.

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'life and hu - man fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing fal la.'.

Come on, ye ros - y hours, Gay smil - ing mo - ment bring, We'll

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'Come on, ye ros - y hours, Gay smil - ing mo - ment bring, We'll'.

strew the way with flow'rs, . . And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing fal la. For

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'strew the way with flow'rs, . . And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing fal la. For'.

what's the use of sigh-ing While time is on the wing; Can
we pre-vent his fly-ing? Then mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing fal-la.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Air.—“My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.”

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en-dear-ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy
gaze on so fond-ly to-day, . . . Were to change by to-mor-row, and
cheeks un-pro-faned by a tear, . . . That the fer-vor and faith of a

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst
 soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear; No, the

still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
 heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
 tru - ly loves on to the close, . . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. . .
 god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose. . .

pp

Finland.

69

Words from AHLQUIST.

Patriotic song, by KARL COLLAN.

Tho' po - lar snows are ev - er near, And bleak winds sweep the

The first line of musical notation is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the melody.

land, And ice - king reign - eth ev - 'ry-where Thro' - out our land with

The second line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

mien se-vere, His power we firm with - stand. O Fin - land, the full

The third line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

half thy life Is spent where cheer - less night is rife; Yet

The fourth line of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the melody.

none so fair and grand, Yet none so fair and grand.

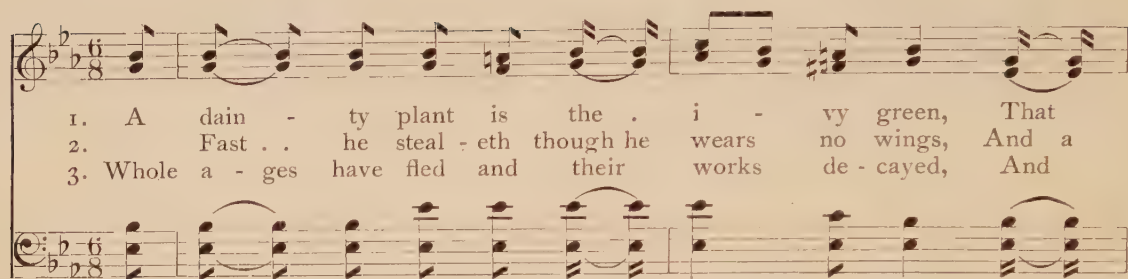
The fifth line of musical notation concludes the song with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the melody.

NOTE. — This song is engraved on the monument erected to the composer at Helsingfors.

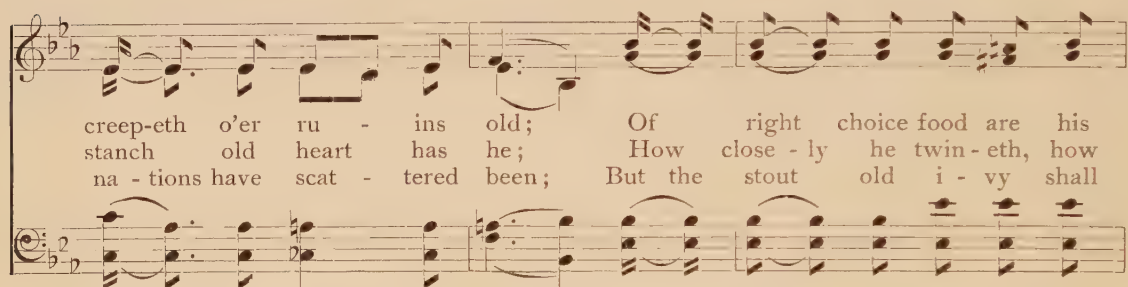
The Ivy Green.

Words by CHARLES DICKENS.

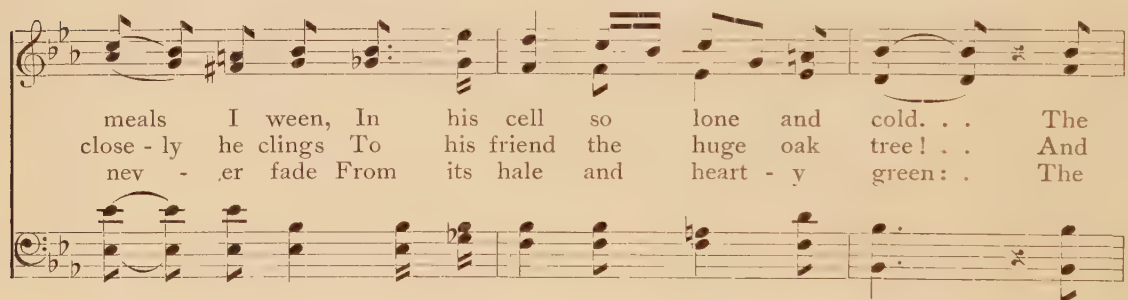
Music by HENRY RUSSELL, arranged for this work.



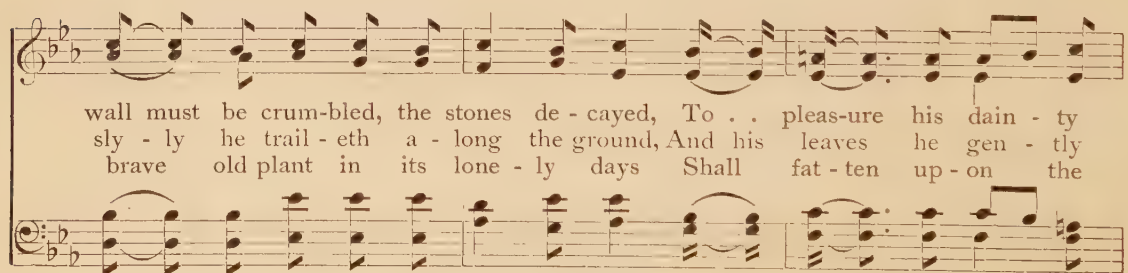
1. A dain - ty plant is the i - vy green, That
 2. Fast . . he steal - eth though he wears no wings, And a
 3. Whole a - ges have fled and their works de - cayed, And



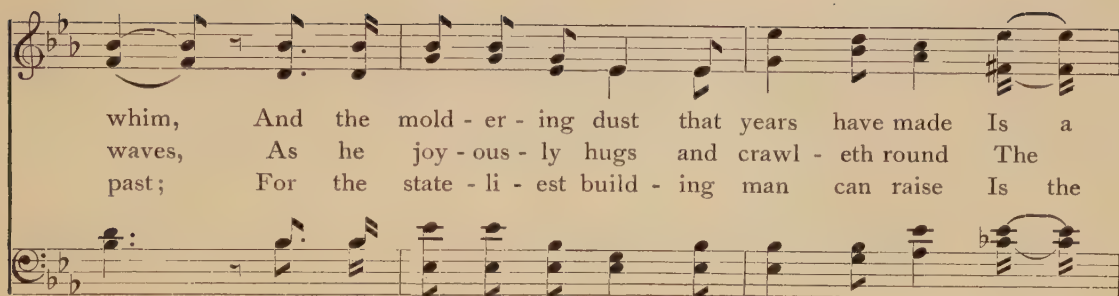
creep-eth o'er ru - ins old; Of right choice food are his
 stanch old heart has he; How close - ly he twin - eth, how
 na - tions have scat - tered been; But the stout old i - vy shall



meals I ween, In his cell so lone and cold. . . The
 close - ly he clings To his friend the huge oak tree! . . And
 nev - er fade From its hale and heart - y green: . The

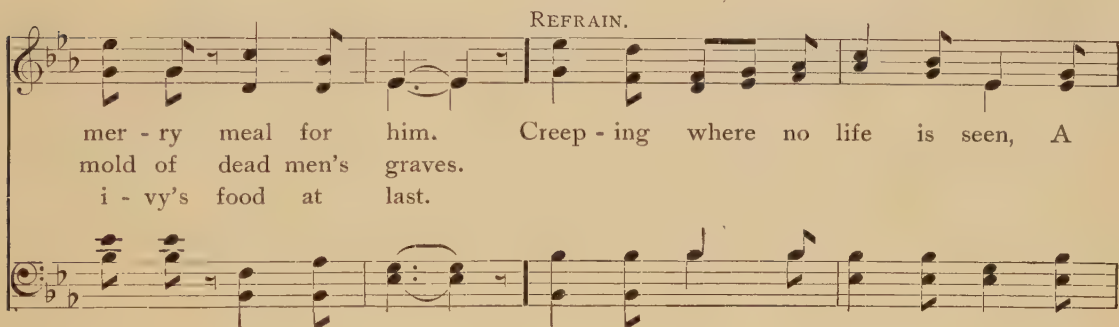


wall must be crum-bled, the stones de - cayed, To . . pleas-ure his dain - ty
 sly - ly he trail - eth a - long the ground, And his leaves he gen - tly
 brave old plant in its lone - ly days Shall fat - ten up - on the

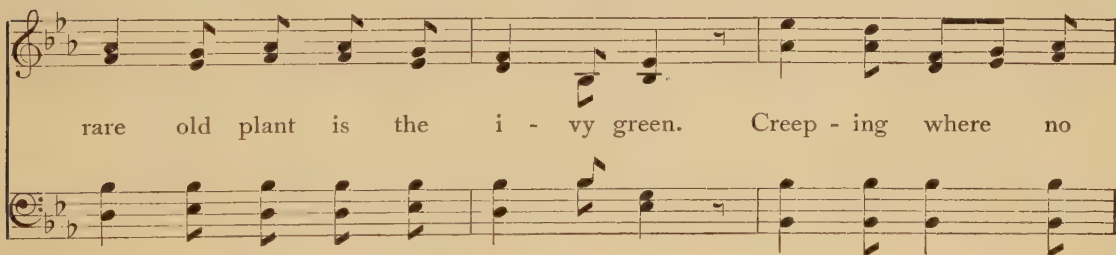


whim, And the mold - er - ing dust that years have made Is a
waves, As he joy - ous - ly hugs and crawl - eth round The
past; For the state - li - est build - ing man can raise Is the

REFRAIN.



mer - ry meal for him. Creep - ing where no life is seen, A
mold of dead men's graves.
i - vy's food at last.



rare old plant is the i - vy green. Creep - ing where no

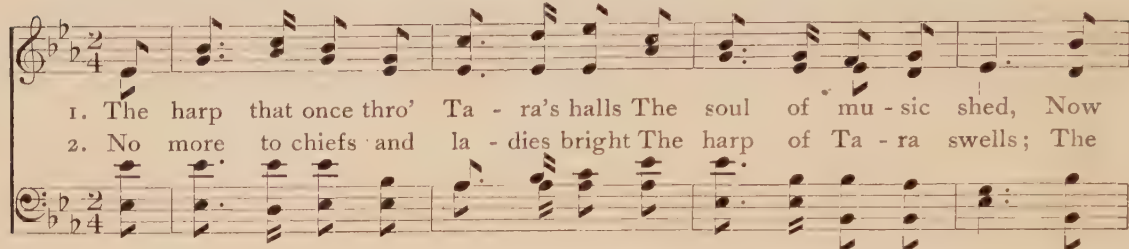


life is seen, A rare old plant is the i - vy green.

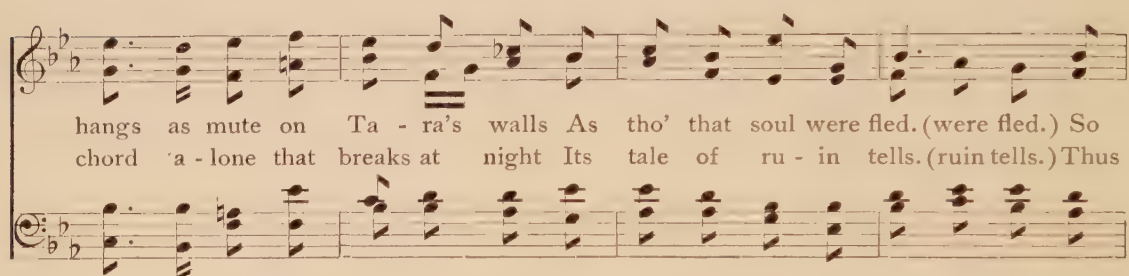
The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

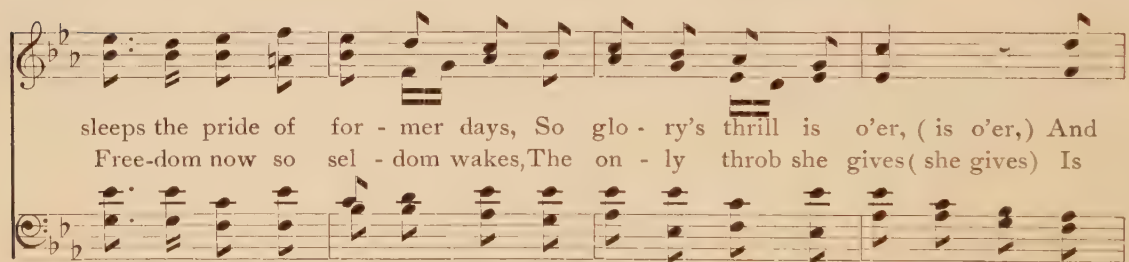
Air, "Gramschell," arranged by BLANCHE DINGLEY.



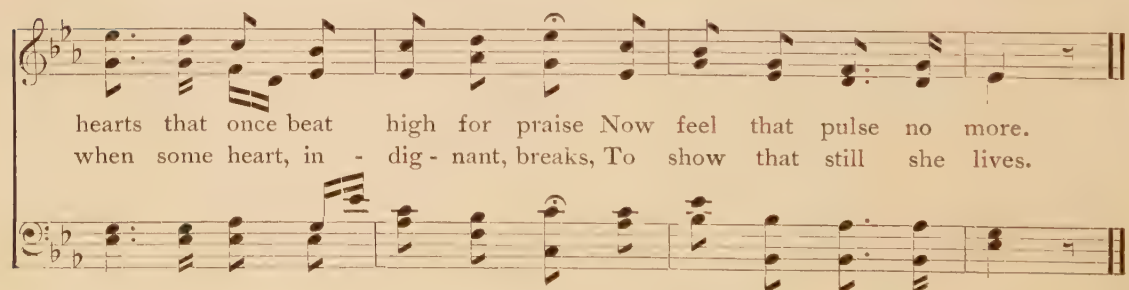
1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The



hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. (were fled.) So
chord 'a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. (ruin tells.) Thus



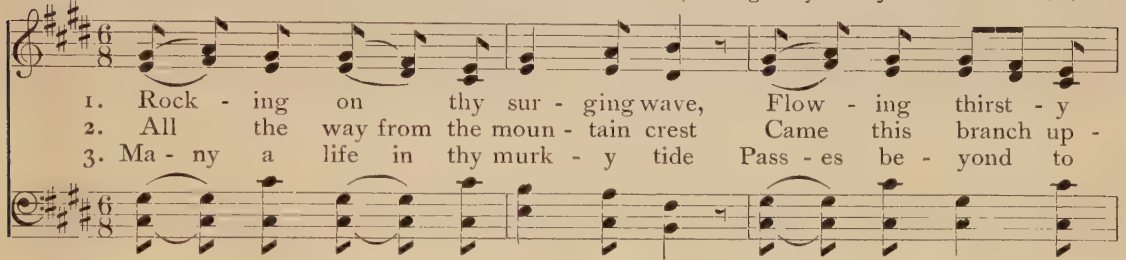
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, (is o'er,) And
Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives (she gives) Is



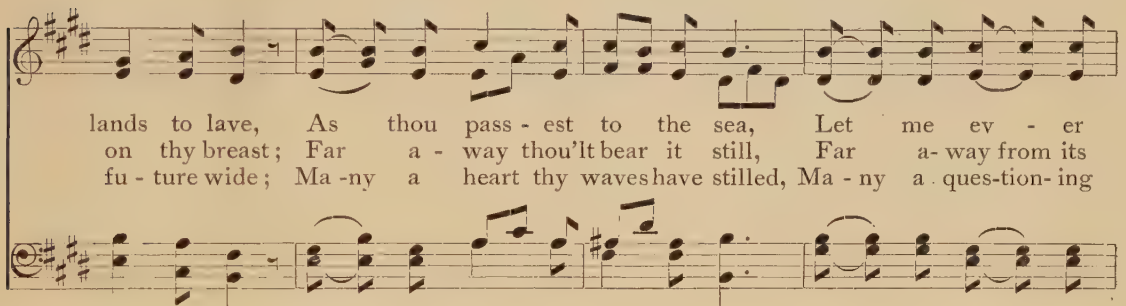
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

Song to the Ganges.

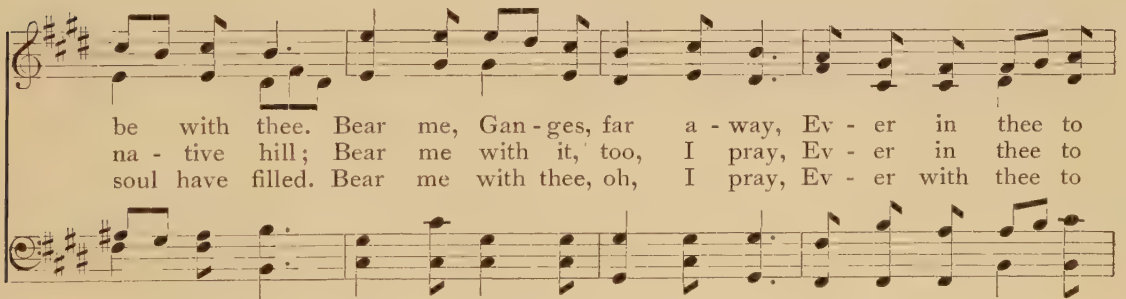
Words for this work, by SABILLA WOODSTOCK. Hindu air, arranged by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



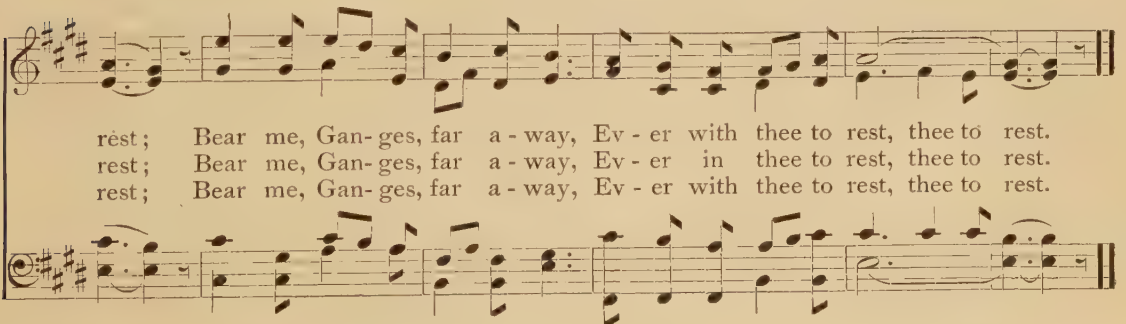
1. Rock - ing on thy sur - ging wave, Flow - ing thirst - y
 2. All the way from the moun - tain crest Came this branch up -
 3. Ma - ny a life in thy murk - y tide Pass - es be - yond to



lands to lave, As thou pass - est to the sea, Let me ev - er
 on thy breast; Far a - way thou'lt bear it still, Far a - way from its
 fu - ture wide; Ma - ny a heart thy waves have stilled, Ma - ny a ques - tion - ing



be with thee. Bear me, Gan - ges, far a - way, Ev - er in thee to
 na - tive hill; Bear me with it, too, I pray, Ev - er in thee to
 soul have filled. Bear me with thee, oh, I pray, Ev - er with thee to

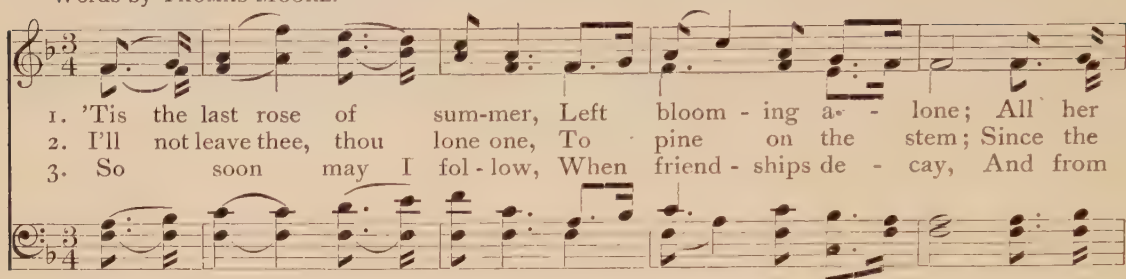


rest; Bear me, Gan - ges, far a - way, Ev - er with thee to rest, thee to rest.
 rest; Bear me, Gan - ges, far a - way, Ev - er in thee to rest, thee to rest.
 rest; Bear me, Gan - ges, far a - way, Ev - er with thee to rest, thee to rest.

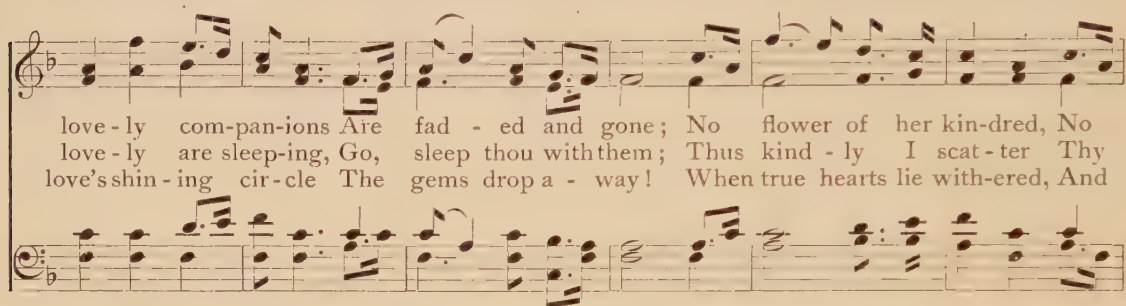
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

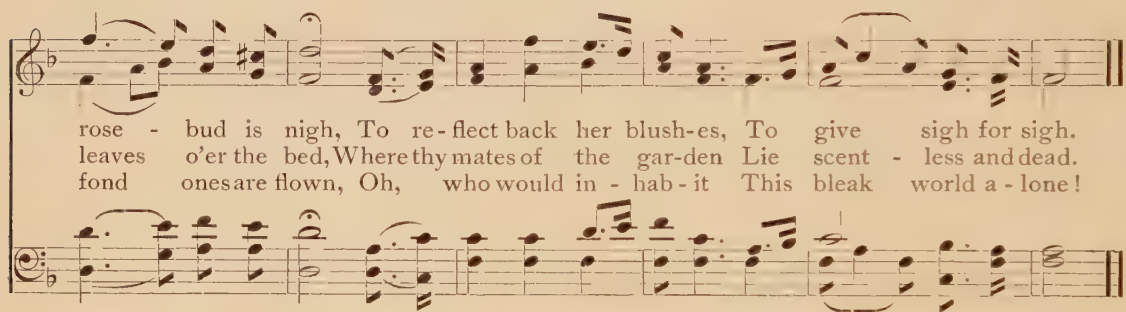
Irish Air.



1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from



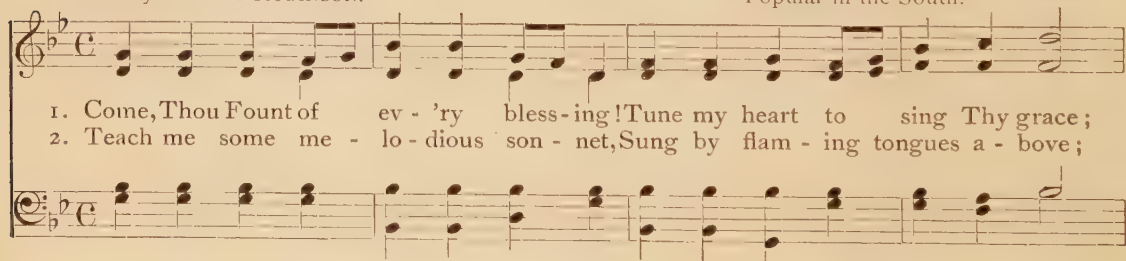
love - ly com-pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flower of her kin-dred, No
 love - ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
 love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie with-ered, And



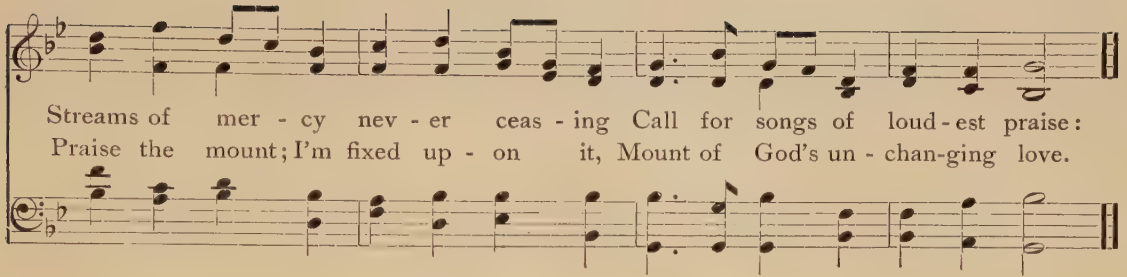
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, To give sigh for sigh.
 leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
 fond ones are flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone!

Zionward.

Words by ROBERT ROBINSON.

Old melody, partly Celtic, partly Freedman.
Popular in the South.


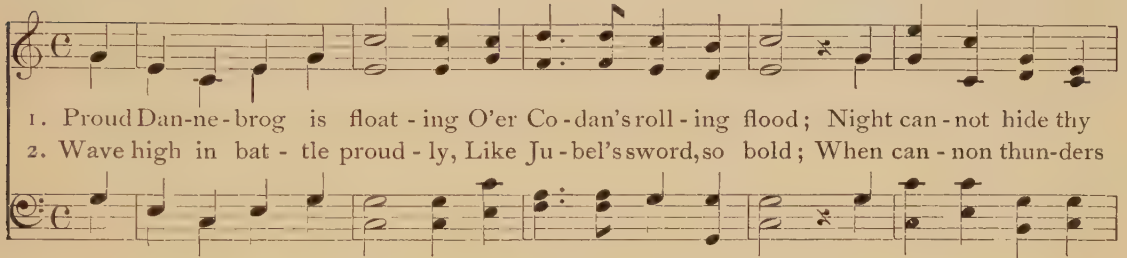
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;



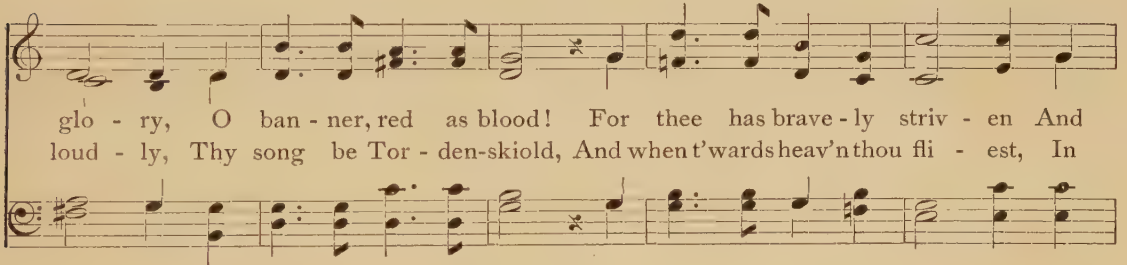
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing Call for songs of loud - est praise:
Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chan - ging love.

The Dannebrog.

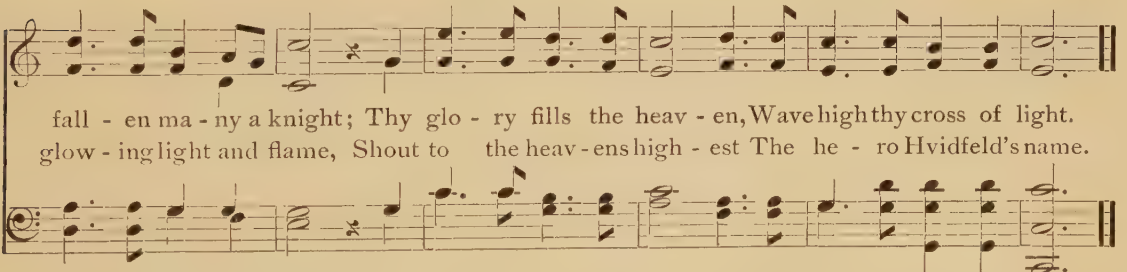
Patriotic song of Denmark.



1. Proud Dan-ne-brog is float - ing O'er Co-dan's roll - ing flood; Night can - not hide thy
2. Wave high in bat - tle proud - ly, Like Ju - bel's sword, so bold; When can - non thun - ders



glo - ry, O ban - ner, red as blood! For thee has brave - ly striv - en And
loud - ly, Thy song be Tor - den-skiold, And when t'wards heav'n thou fli - est, In



fall - en ma - ny a knight; Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Wave high thy cross of light.
glow - ing light and flame, Shout to the heav - en's high - est The he - ro Hvidfeld's name.

NOTE. According to Danish tradition the Dannebrog was a blood-red flag with a white cross in the center, which once fell from heaven as the Danes were about conquered in fight. Around this mystical banner they rallied and put to flight their enemies. According to a more probable tradition this banner was presented to King Valdemar, the Conqueror, by Pope Gregory IX, when he was about to go upon an expedition against the heathen in Esthonia in order to convert them to Christianity.

God Ever Glorious.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

Music by ALEXIS T. LWOFF, (Russian).

1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov - 'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the
2. Still may Thy bless - ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly, O - ver each

ban - ner of peace o'er the land; Thine is the vic - to - ry,
moun - tain, rock, riv - er, and shore; Sing Hal - le - lu - jah!

Thine the sal - va - tion; Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thy hand.
Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

Bannockburn.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led,
2. Wha would be a trai - tor knave, Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave,
3. By op - pres - sion's woes and pains, By your sons in serv - ile chains,

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to - vic - to - rie.
 Wha sae base as be a slave, Let him turn and flee.
 We will drain our dear - est veins, But they shall be free.


Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lower,
 Wha for Scot-land's king and law Free-dom's sword will strongly draw,
 Lay the proud u - surp - ers low, Ty - rants fall in ev - 'ry foe,

See ap-proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ver - ie.
 Free - man stand or free - man fa', Let him fol - low me.
 Lib - er - ty's in ev - 'ry blow, Let us do or die.

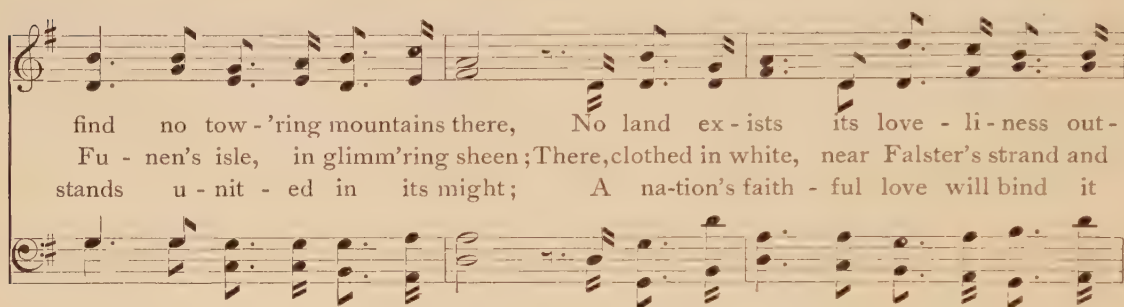
Towards the North.

Patriotic Song of Denmark.

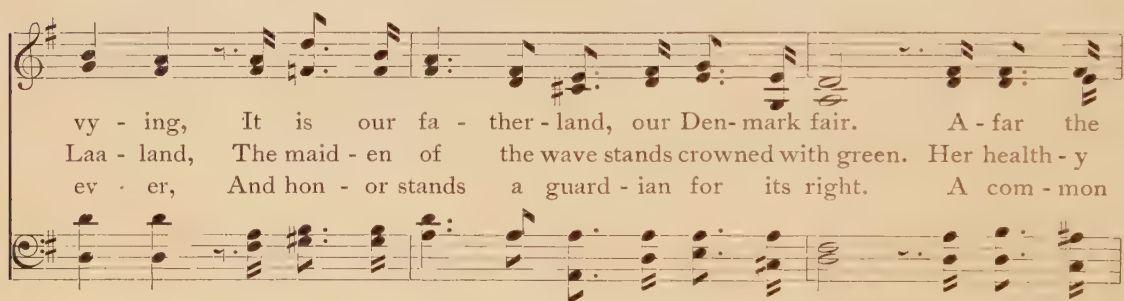
Music by C. F. WEYSE, arranged.



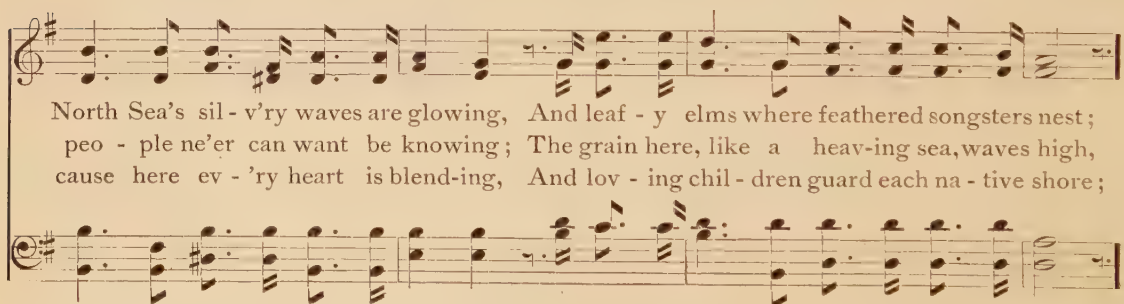
1. To-wards the north a beau-teous land is ly-ing, And tho' we
 2. From Ey-der's stream to Ska-gen's white hills gleam-ing, With those of
 3. Thus stream and sound the town and mead-ows sev-er, Yet Den-mark



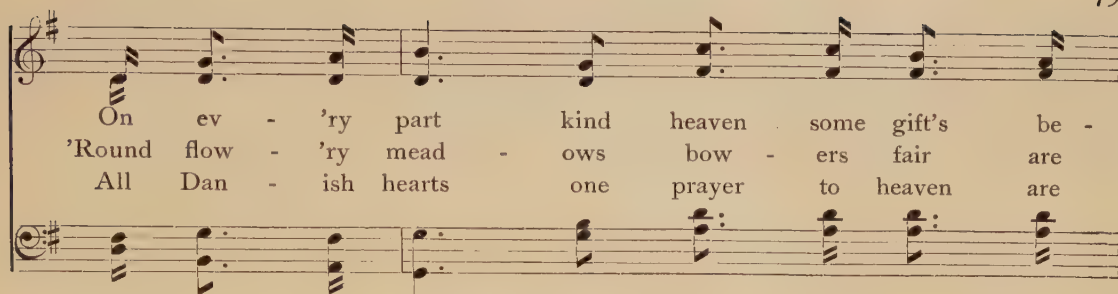
find no tow-'ring mountains there, No land ex-ists its love-li-ness out-
 Fu-nen's isle, in glimm'ring sheen; There, clothed in white, near Falster's strand and
 stands u-nit-ed in its might; A na-tion's faith-ful love will bind it



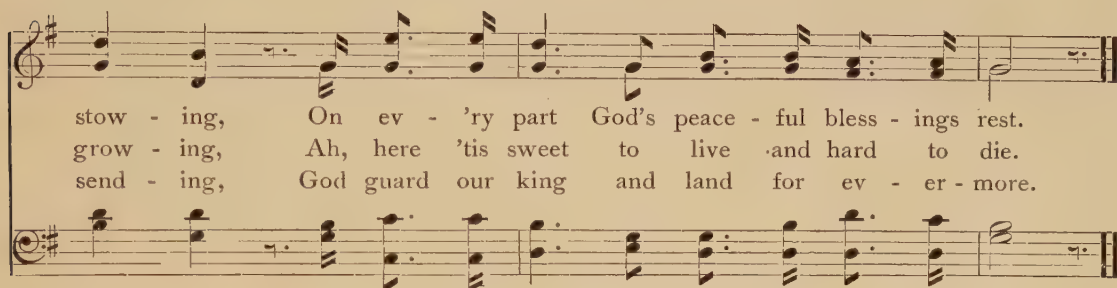
vy-ing, It is our fa-ther-land, our Den-mark fair. A-far the
 Laa-land, The maid-en of the wave stands crowned with green. Her health-y
 ev-er, And hon-or stands a guard-ian for its right. A com-mon



North Sea's sil-v'ry waves are glowing, And leaf-y elms where feathered songsters nest;
 peo-ple ne'er can want be knowing; The grain here, like a heav-ing sea, waves high,
 cause here ev-'ry heart is blend-ing, And lov-ing chil-dren guard each na-tive shore;



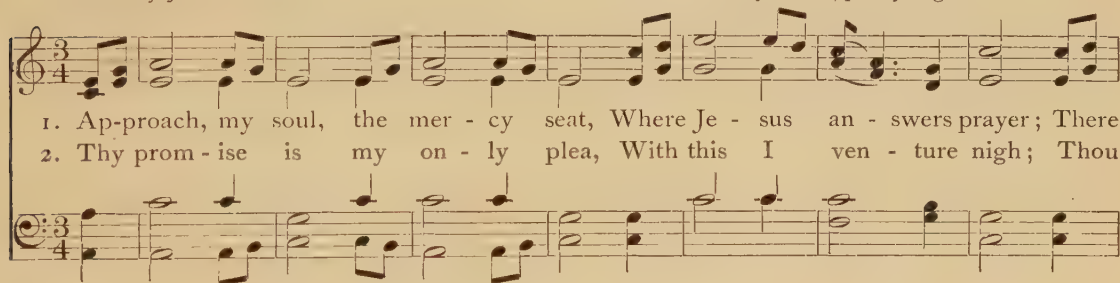
On ev - 'ry part kind heaven some gift's be -
 'Round flow - 'ry mead - ows bow - ers fair are
 All Dan - ish hearts one prayer to heaven are



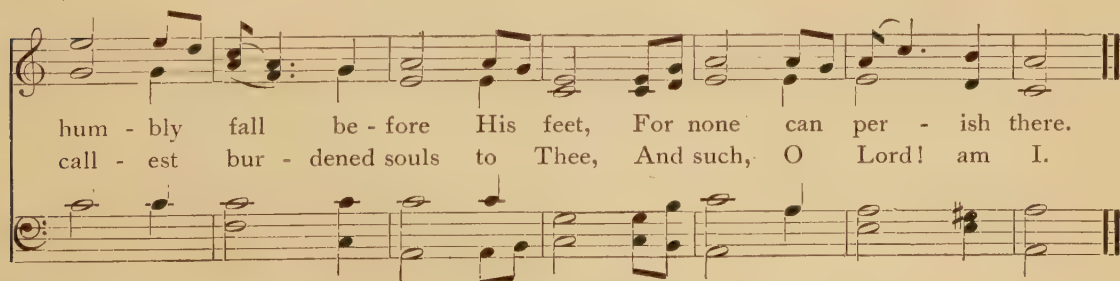
stow - ing, On ev - 'ry part God's peace - ful bless - ings rest.
 grow - ing, Ah, here 'tis sweet to live and hard to die.
 send - ing, God guard our king and land for ev - er - more.

The Mercy Seat.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

Old Melody, much sung in the cotton states.
Partly Celtic, partly negro.


1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer ; There
 2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh ; Thou



hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
 call - est bur - dened souls to Thee, And such, O Lord ! am I.

Auld Lang Syne.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Old Melody.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er brought to min'! Should
 2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've
 3. We twa hae paid - l't i' the burn From morn-in sun till dine; But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; And we'll
 5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint stoup, And sure - ly I'll be mine; And we'll

CHORUS.

auld ac - quaint - ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne! For auld lang
 wan-dered mon-y a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 seas be - tween us braid hae roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a right guid wil - lie-waught, For auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Fading, Still Fading.

Andantino. mf

Portuguese Melody.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shin - ing, Fa - ther in
 2. Fa - ther in heav - en, oh! hear when we call, . . Hear for Christ's

NOTE.—The bass can be omitted, or played upon an instrument.

heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing; Safe - ty and in - no - cence
sake, who is Sav - ior of all, . Fee - ble and faint - ing we

fly with the light, Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the
trust in Thy might, In doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our

night; From the fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And

QUARTET.

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Words and music by J. P. KNIGHT, arr.

1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
 2. Such be the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the

sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O
 brine, Or tho' the tem-pest's fier-y breath Roused me from

Lord, . . hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
 sleep . . to wreck and death. In o-cean caves, still safe with

call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
 Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty. And

calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the

pp

deep; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

Runes.

Ancient Air of Finland, arranged by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

1. Tho' from po - ets not de - scend - ed, Nor from lines of mag - ic sing - ers,
 2. I would sing too, I would do so, Feared I not the vil - lage peo - ple;
 3. If I sang of fair sea - ros - es, Trilled of leaves of fair sea - ros - es,

From with - out fair songs I'm learn - ing, Thro' the moss - y wall, wise say - ings;
 Loud - ly would the maids be laugh - ing, Loud - ly would they all be mock - ing,
 Sang the seas were floods of hon - ey, And the grains of sand were peas there;

Songs I'm hear - ing thro' the lat - tice, Thro' the wall the min - strel play - ing.
 If I dared be - gin my vers - es, If in rhyme I sang my leg - ends.
 That the grass was green trees loft - y, And sea - weed was malt for brew - ing.

NOTE. All the northern nations had what were called Runes, meaning a quasi-magic formula of melody, always in 5-4 measure, to which they improvised verses, or sang some of the traditional proverbs of the country, or legends, such as we now have in the Kalevala. The common people improvise their verses. The foregoing is an example of this class.

Annie Laurie.

Words by WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

Old Melody, arr.

1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan, Her

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That

me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Polish May Song.

Polish Air.

f

1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick-et call - ing Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness;
 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

p

Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
 Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas-ant in their sad - ness.
 With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.

f *p*

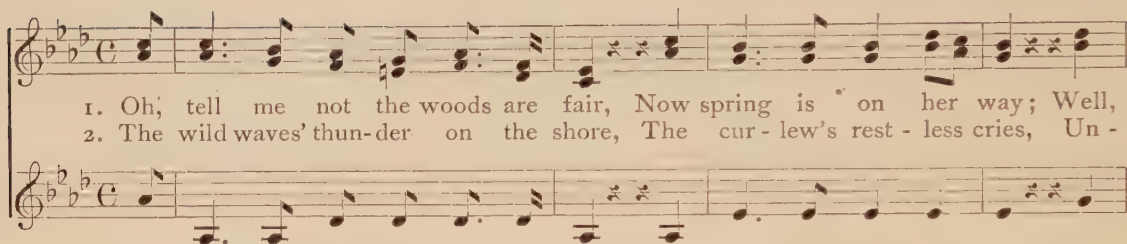
Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

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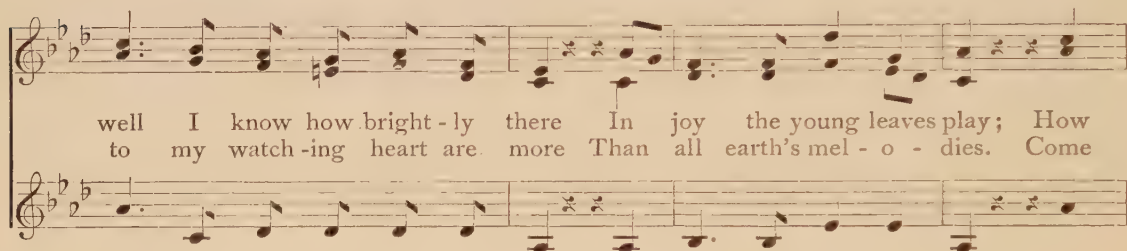
Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

The Rock Beside the Sea.

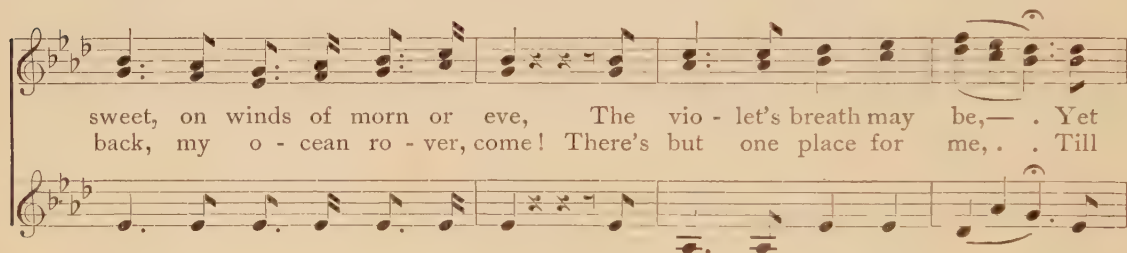
Newly arranged from C. C. CONVERSE.



1. Oh, tell me not the woods are fair, Now spring is * on her way; Well,
2. The wild waves' thun-der on the shore, The cur-lew's rest-less cries, Un-



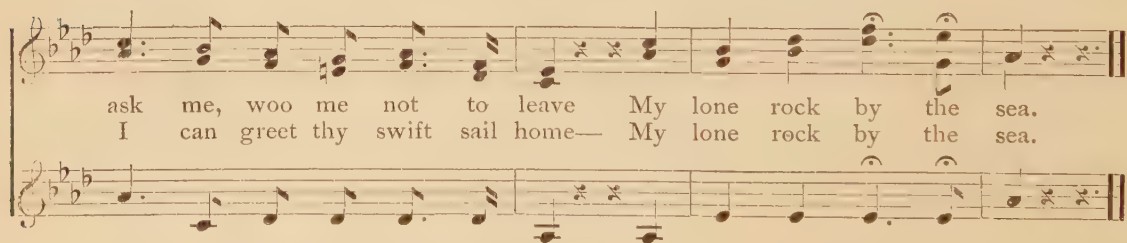
well I know how bright-ly there In joy the young leaves play; How
to my watch-ing heart are more Than all earth's mel-o-dies. Come



sweet, on winds of morn or eve, The vio-let's breath may be,— . Yet
back, my o-cean ro-ver, come! There's but one place for me, . . Till



ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea; Yet
I can greet thy swift sail home— My lone rock by the sea! Till



ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea.
I can greet thy swift sail home— My lone rock by the sea.

Haakon's Cradle Song.

Words from IBSEN. English by F. CORDER.

Music arranged from EDOUARD GRIEG.

The roof that rears a - bove him To heav - en seems to rise; Now

wakes my lit - tle Haa - kon, And lifts his dream - y eyes; He builds him-self a

stair-case, To climb to yon - der star, Then with the an - gels ris - es To

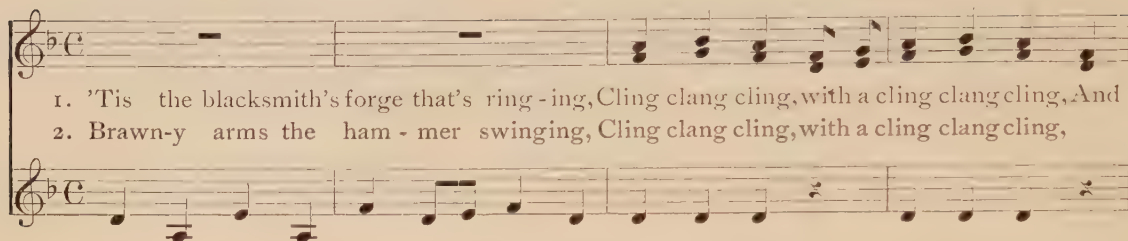
where the bless - ed are, May an - gels watch my dar - ling, From out the heav-en's

blue; God shield thee, lit - tle Haa - kon, Thy moth - er watch - eth true.

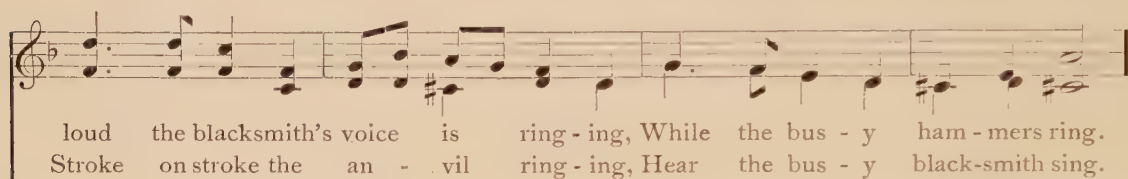
The Forge.

Words by Mrs. ALICE C. D. RILEY.

From the Bohemian, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



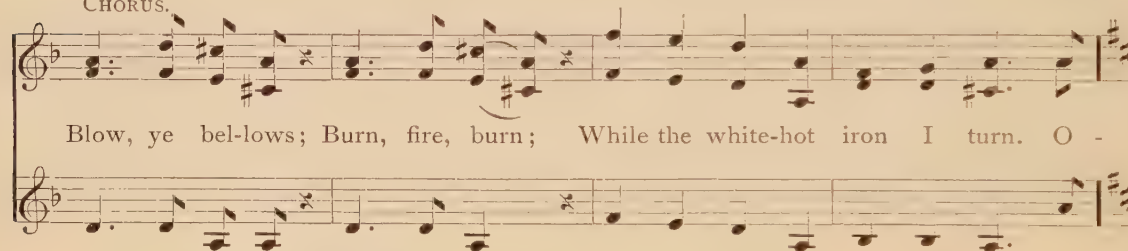
1. 'Tis the blacksmith's forge that's ring-ing, Cling clang cling, with a cling clangling, And
2. Brawn-y arms the ham-mer swinging, Cling clang cling, with a cling clangling,



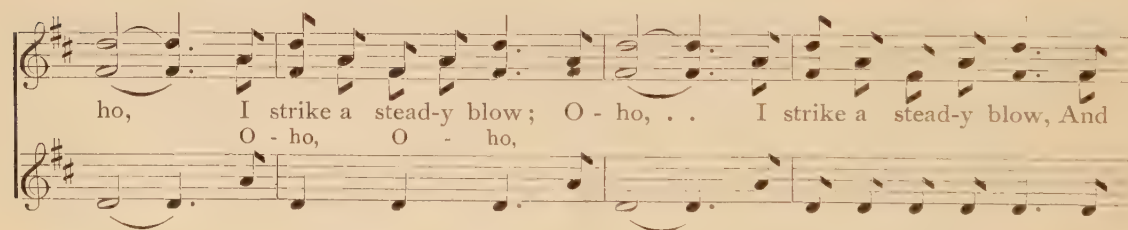
loud the blacksmith's voice is ring-ing, While the bus-y ham-mers ring.
Stroke on stroke the an-vil ring-ing, Hear the bus-y black-smith sing.



CHORUS.



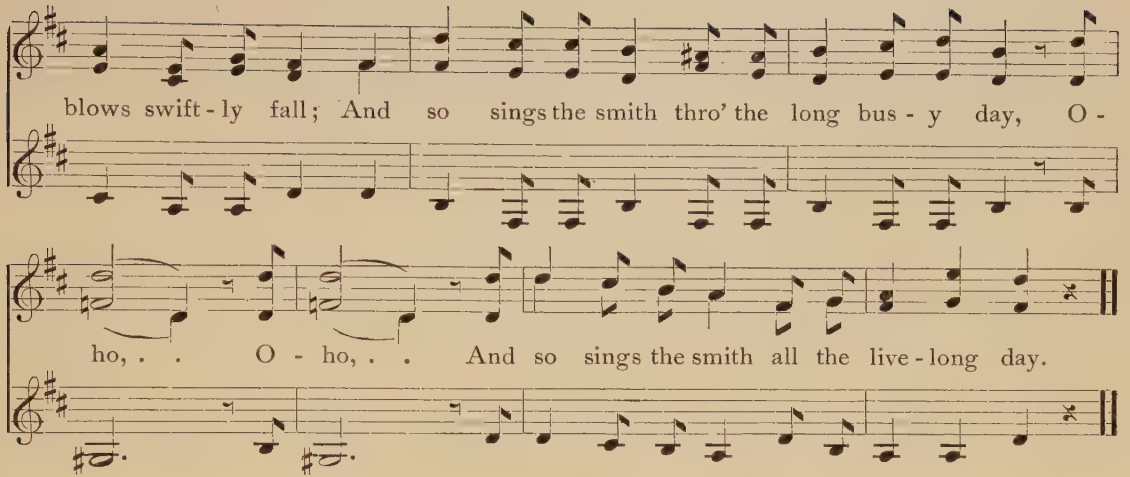
Blow, ye bel-lows; Burn, fire, burn; While the white-hot iron I turn. O -



ho, I strike a stead-y blow; O - ho, . . . I strike a stead-y blow, And
O - ho, O - ho,



high fly the sparks in the chim-ney so tall, And ring-ing and clang-ing the



blows swift-ly fall; And so sings the smith thro' the long bus-y day, O -

ho, . . O - ho, . . And so sings the smith all the live-long day.

On the Life-Giving Neva.

Words from the Russian.

Music from the Russian, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



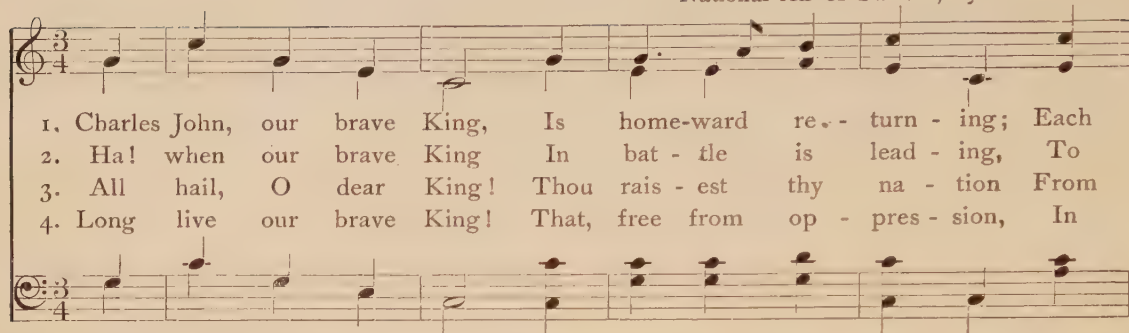
1. On the Ne - va, our sweet life - giv - er, Our boat is
2. When the fierce frost re - tards thy flow - ing, And on the

glid - ing so gen - tly ev - er; And we are prais - ing sweet moth-er
bright ice our skates are go - ing, And win - try breez - es so brisk-ly

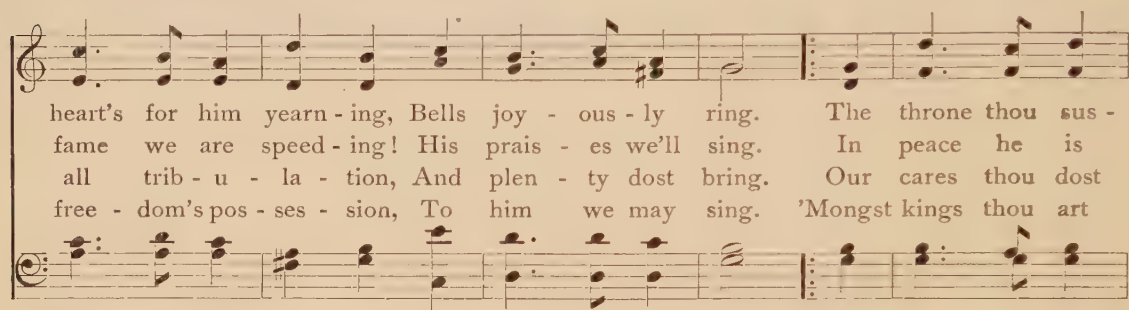
riv - er, As all our hearts go out in ten - der song. . .
blow - ing, Then all our hearts go out in ten - der song. . .

Charles John, Our Brave King.

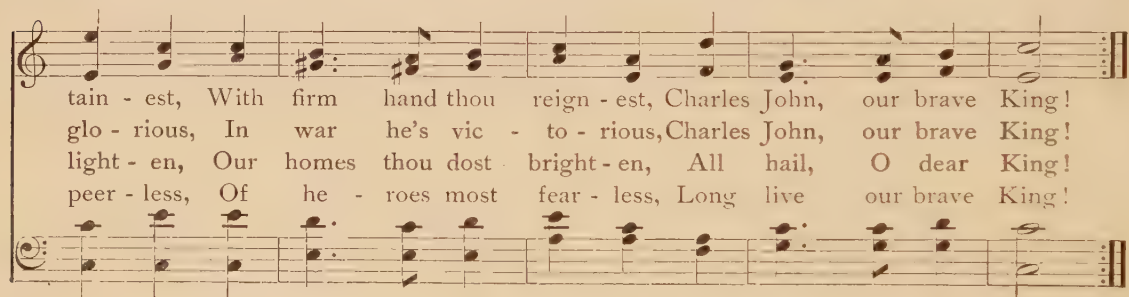
National Air of Sweden, by DU PUY.



1. Charles John, our brave King, Is home-ward re - turn - ing; Each
2. Ha! when our brave King In bat - tle is lead - ing, To
3. All hail, O dear King! Thou rais - est thy na - tion From
4. Long live our brave King! That, free from op - pres - sion, In



heart's for him yearn - ing, Bells joy - ous - ly ring. The throne thou sus -
fame we are speed - ing! His prais - es we'll sing. In peace he is
all trib - u - la - tion, And plen - ty dost bring. Our cares thou dost
free - dom's pos - ses - sion, To him we may sing. 'Mongst kings thou art

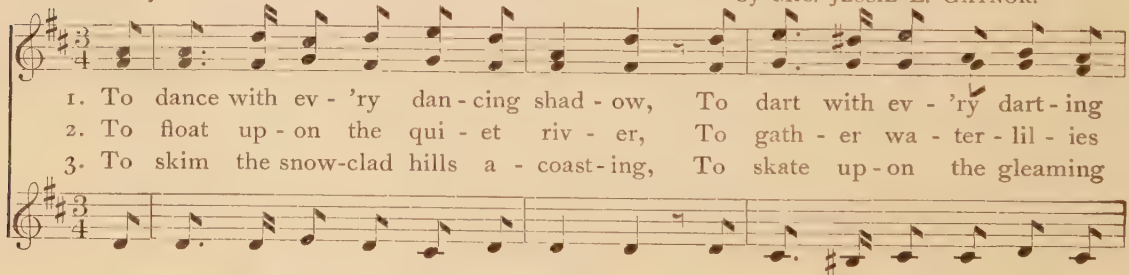


tain - est, With firm hand thou reign - est, Charles John, our brave King!
glo - rious, In war he's vic - to - rious, Charles John, our brave King!
light - en, Our homes thou dost bright - en, All hail, O dear King!
peer - less, Of he - roes most fear - less, Long live our brave King!


The Pleasures of Youth.

Words by Mrs. ALICE C. D. RILEY.


Music from a popular Bohemian melody,
by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.




1. To dance with ev - 'ry dan - cing shad - ow, To dart with ev - 'ry dart - ing
2. To float up - on the qui - et riv - er, To gath - er wa - ter - lil - ies
3. To skim the snow-clad hills a - coast - ing, To skate up - on the gleaming




bee, To race a-cross the sun-ny mead-ow, To lie be-neath the sway-ing
white, To hear the pine trees shake and shiv - er, When falls the chill-ing rain at
ice; To set the ap-ples red a - roast-ing, To crack the nuts in just a


tree, To chase the but - ter - fly that wings His way be-neath the friendly
night; To see the autumn woods of gold, Of crim-son, bronze, and rus-set -
trice; To gath - er round the fire-side bright, Tell ghost - ly sto-ries, head to

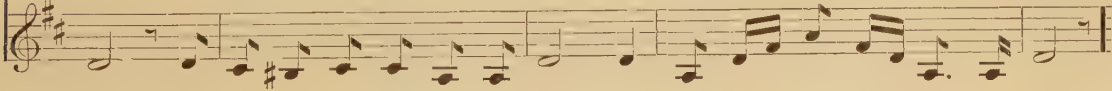
trees, To . . sing with ev - 'ry bird that sings, To romp with ev-'ry sweeping
brown, To . . chase the chat - t'ring squir-rel bold, To shake the ripened nut-burs
head, And . by a flick - 'ring can-dle's light To scamper off at last to

breeze: O joys of youth, thy fragrance sweet For - ev - er to my mem-'ry
down: O joys of youth, thy fragrance sweet For - ev - er to my mem-'ry
bed: O joys of youth, thy pleasures sweet For - ev - er to my mem-'ry

clings. O joys of youth, thy fragrance sweet For - ev - er to my mem-ory clings.
clings. O joys of youth, thy fragrance sweet For - ev - er to my mem-ory clings.
cling. O joys of youth, thy pleasures sweet For - ev - er to my mem-ory cling.



Smiling Maiden of the Mill.

Words newly translated from the German.

Music from a Bohemian air,
by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

ONE VOICE.



1. Smil-ing maid-en of the mill, Stand-ing there so coy and still,
2. Maid-en with the laugh-ing eyes, Blue and ten-der as the skies,

ALL THE OTHER VOICES. *pp. Very connected.*



1. Maid - en, maid - en of the mill,
2. Maid - en with the laugh - ing eyes,

FINE.



- Are you wait - ing there for me? May I now your play-mate be?
May you ev - er hap - py be, Ev - er joy - ous, gay, and free.



- Stand - ing there so still, Come to me. . . .
Blue as the skies, Hap - py be. . . .

CHORUS.



- Maid-en with the gold-en hair, Sweet-ly smil-ing at me there,
With a heart so light and gay, Smil-ing like a sum-mer day,



D.C. al Fine.



- Do you know how fair you seem, Mir-ror'd in the crys-tal stream?
An-swer, maid-en, an-swer me, May I now your play-mate be?



Longing.

Words from CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

Music arranged from HALFDAN KJERRULF.



1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, When all the world was still; Its
2. A horn was heard in the dis - tance, As faint as night-winds sigh; And



song from the grove came float - ing, My throb - bing heart to fill. I
as I was gaz - ing and won-d'ring, A star ap - peared in the sky. 'Twas



o - pened my win - dow so gen - tly, And peered thro' the dark - some view, I
there I be - held your sweet im - age, Il - lum - ined with - in the night; I

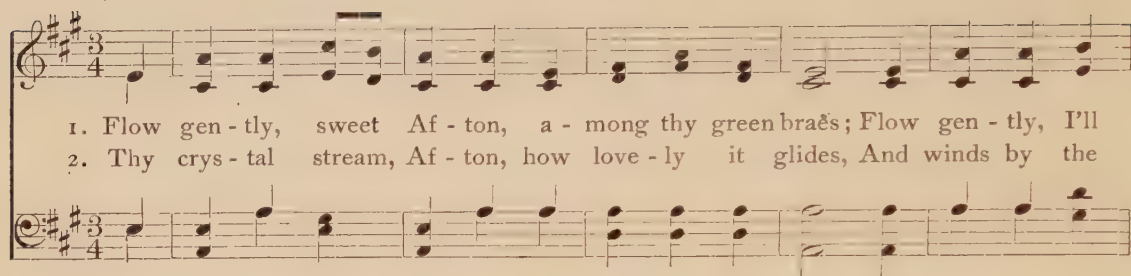


tho't that the war - bler was singing, sweet mother, Was singing, sweet mother, of you.
held out my arms and I wept in my yearning, While swift - ly you passed from my sight.

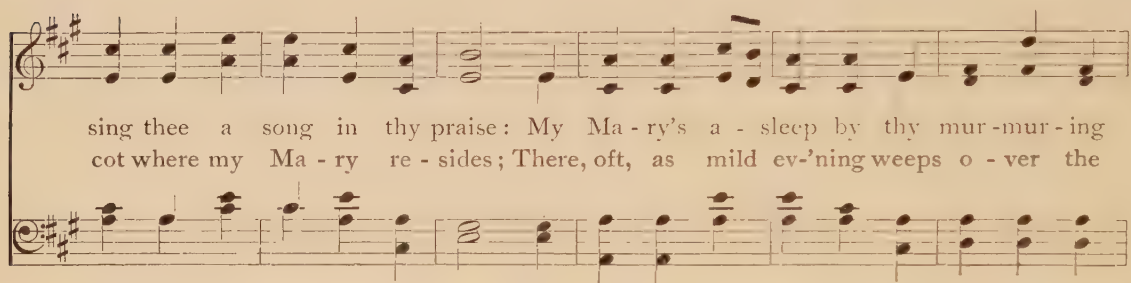


Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

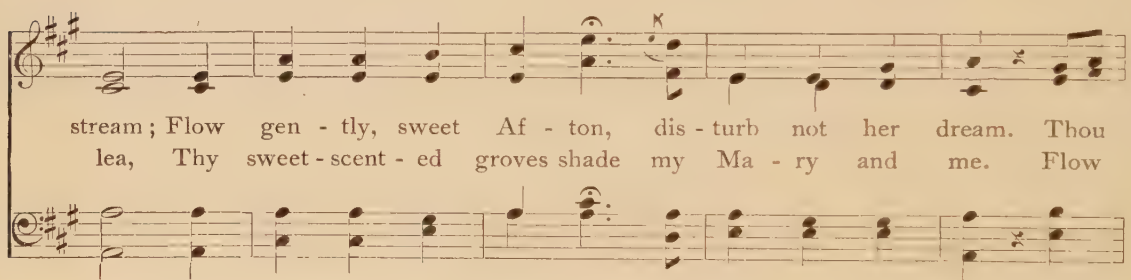
Words by ROBERT BURNS.



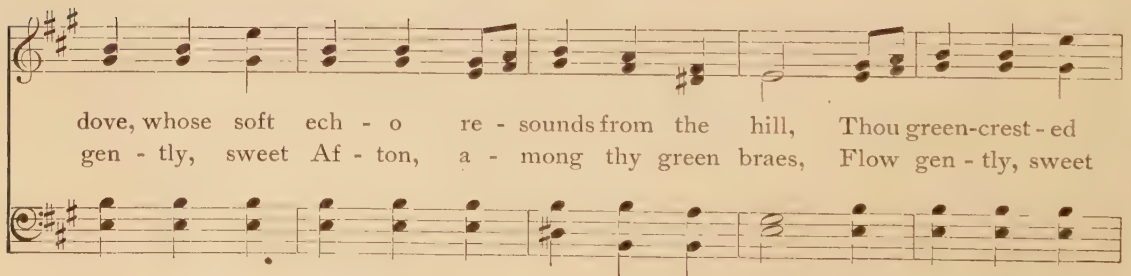
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the



sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There, oft, as mild ev - 'ning weeps o - ver the



stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou
lea, Thy sweet - scent - ed groves shade my Ma - ry and me. Flow



dove, whose soft ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Thou green - crest - ed
gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet

lap - wing, with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whis - tling war-blers, your
riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

mu - sic for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair.
mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

Music by MENDELSSOHN.

1. O, wert thou in the cauld blast On yon - der lea, On yon - der lea, My
2. Or were I in the wild - est waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The

plai - die to the an - gry airt, . . . I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee.
des - ert were a par - a - dise, . . . If thou wert there, If thou wert there.

p

Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blow, A - round thee blow,
Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,

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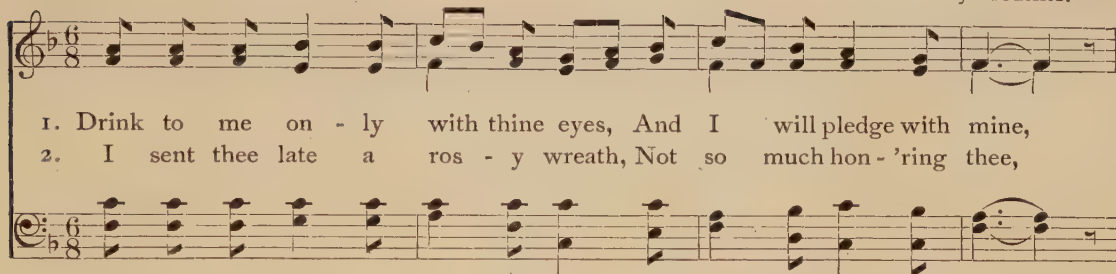
Thy shield should be my bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.
The bright - est jew - el in my crown Wad be my Queen, Wad be my Queen.

p

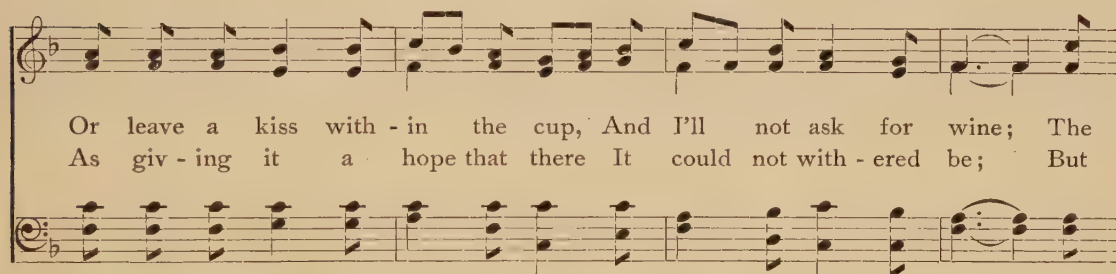
Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes.

Words by BEN JONSON.

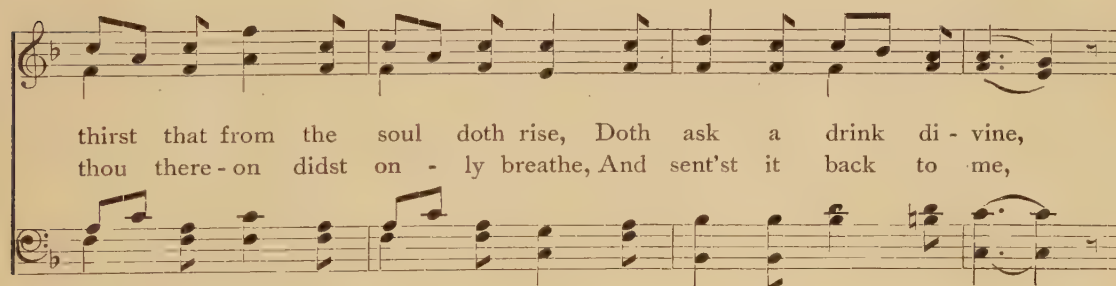
Music by MOZART.



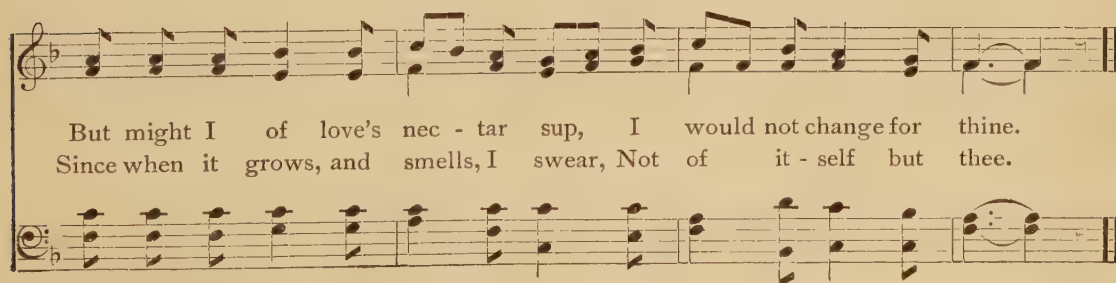
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,



But might I of love's nec - tar sup, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

Welcome the Morning.

Words from BJ. BJÖRNSON.

Music arranged from EDOUARD GRIEG.

Morn - ing is dawn - ing, ris - en the sun, Stormed and on fire, the

clouds ev - 'ry one, O - ver the moun - tain tops hoar - y,

Fling - ing a ha - lo of glo - ry. "Wak - en, wak - en," war - blers cry,

"Wak - en, wak - en," far and nigh; Wel - come the glad - some morn - ing,
Wel - - - - - come,

Wel - come the glad - some morn - ing; "Wak - en, wak - en, wak - en, wak - en,"

war - blers cry, Wel - come the glad - some morn - ing.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Welcome the Morning'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'war - blers cry, Wel - come the glad - some morn - ing.' The piece ends with a double bar line.

Oh! Breathe Not His Name.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Air, "The Brown Maid," arranged for this work.

1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade Where
2. But the night - dew that falls, though in si - lence it weeps, Shall

This is the first system of the musical score for 'Oh! Breathe Not His Name'. It is in B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics for the first two lines are: '1. Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade Where' and '2. But the night - dew that falls, though in si - lence it weeps, Shall'.

cold and un - hon - ored his rel - ics are laid; Sad, si - lent, and dark be the
bright-en with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

This is the second system of the musical score. The melody continues on the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues on the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'cold and un - hon - ored his rel - ics are laid; Sad, si - lent, and dark be the' and 'bright-en with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in'.

tears that we shed, As the night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.
se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.

This is the third and final system of the musical score. The melody concludes on the treble staff, and the accompaniment concludes on the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'tears that we shed, As the night - dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.' and 'se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem - o - ry green in our souls.'

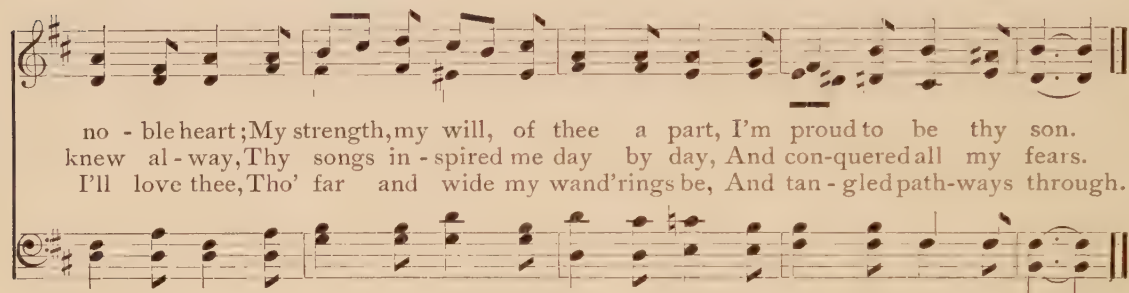
My Dear Old Mother.

Words from A. O. VINJE, by A. W. MOORE.

Music arranged from EDOUARD GRIEG.



1. My dear old moth-er, poor thou art, Thy toil is nev - er done; Yet warm and true thy
 2. Thy hand hath of - ten wiped a-way My childhood's troubled tears; Thy thoughtful care I
 3. And more than all, thou gav - est me A lov - ing heart and true; My dear old moth-er,

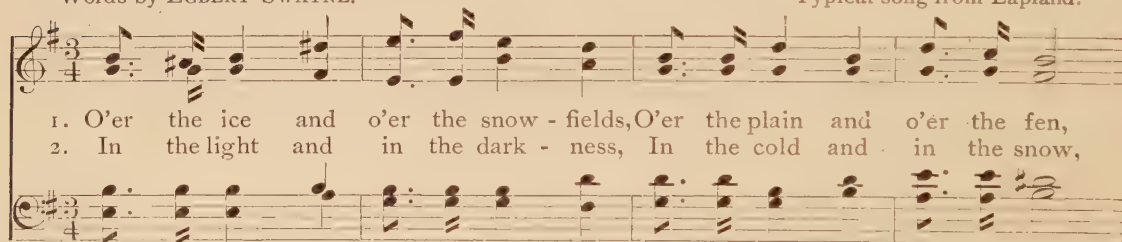


no - ble heart; My strength, my will, of thee a part, I'm proud to be thy son.
 knew al - way, Thy songs in - spired me day by day, And con-quer'd all my fears.
 I'll love thee, Tho' far and wide my wand'rings be, And tan-gled path-ways through.

The Laplander and His Reindeers.

Words by EGBERT SWAYNE.

Typical song from Lapland.



1. O'er the ice and o'er the snow - fields, O'er the plain and o'er the fen,
 2. In the light and in the dark - ness, In the cold and in the snow,



Ma - ny a wea - ry mile to cov - er Ere we see our homes a - gain.
 Ev - er sure of foot and speed - y, To our homes and loved we go.

The Laplander and His Reindeers.

101
FINE.

1, 2. { Hie ye then, my rein-deers speed - y, Hie ye then the live-long day;
Hie ye then, my rein-deers speed - y, Bring us swift - ly on our way.

Serenade.

Words by Mrs. ALICE C. D. RILEY. Arranged from a Bohemian air, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

FINE.

1. Slum - ber gen - tly on thy pil - low, Let thine eye - lids close in sleep;
2. Rest is o - ver all the tree - tops, Peace is in the si - lent sky;

D.C. *Wrapped in dreams' en-chant-ed man - tle, Close thine eyes and sweet-ly sleep.*

Bright - ly thro' thy case - ment win - dow All the star - eyes blink - ing peep;
Slum - ber soft and dream sweet dream - ing, In thy qui - et lodg - ing high.

D.C. *al Fine.*

While the breez - es rock the drow - sy birdlings, While the buds their sweetest perfumes steep.
All the bus - y world is hushed and si - lent, While the stars their lone - ly vi - gil keep.

Oh, Dove, with Wings of Silver.

Words by Mrs. ALICE C. D. RILEY.

Music arranged from the Bohemian,
by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

1. Oh, dove, with wings of sil - ver, Coo - ing all day long, Thy
 2. Art thou a lone - ly wan - d'rer, Seek - ing thy lost mate? Does
 3. I, too, am sad and lone - ly, O thou coo - ing dove, I

ten - der note of sad - ness Sings a mourn - ful song. The
 thy long note of sad - ness Mourn thy lone - ly fate? Is
 mourn a mate de - part - ed, Mourn a van - ished love; My

plain-tive note of pain That swells thy plum - ed throat, Finds an - swer in my
 there no joy on earth, No sol - ace for thine heart? I, thou, and thy sweet
 heart with thine is sad, And mourn - ful is my song; I would I were a

heart; That sad and lone - ly note, That sad and lone - ly note.
 mate Must ev - er rest a - part, Must ev - er rest a - part.
 dove, A coo - ing all day long, A coo - ing all day long.

Pleasures of Home.

Music from a Russian air, by Mrs. JESSIE L. GAYNOR.



1. Why aim - less should I wan - der, What pleas-ure could I find In
2. I will - ing ly be - lieve them Who say that grapes more rare With



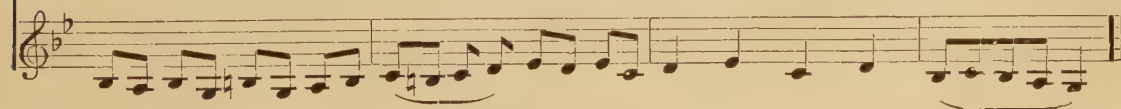
for - eign lands a stran - ger, And leave my love be - hind? They
gold - en ray are glow - ing, Like pearls of az - ure there. The



sing a thou - sand vers - es Of rocks and moun-tains there; A -
vine, here rich - ly bloom - ing, Pours forth a draught di - vine; When



lone why should I jour - ney? My home is far more fair.
life is here so joy - ous, What lot so blest as mine?



Evening Song to the Virgin.

Words by FELICIA HEMANS.

Music by her Sister. Arranged for this work.

Espressivo.

A - ve sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to

A - ve sanc - tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to

thee, O - ra pro no - bis, 'Tis

thee, O - ra pro no - bis, 'Tis

night - fall on the sea. Watch us while

night - fall on the sea. Watch us while

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first two staves have the lyrics "night - fall on the sea. Watch us while". The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ter spread.

shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ter spread.

The second system continues the musical score with three vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The vocal staves have the lyrics "shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ter spread.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

Evening Song to the Virgin.

Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, . . Thine too hath bled.

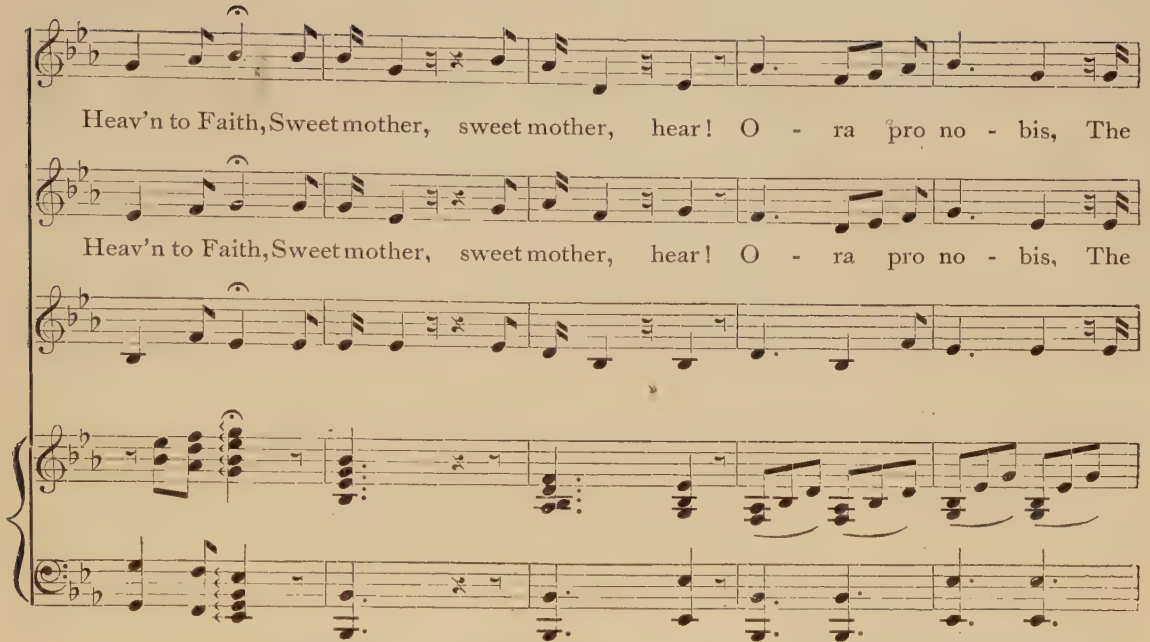
Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, . . Thine too hath bled.

The first system of the musical score for 'Evening Song to the Virgin'. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are 'Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, . . Thine too hath bled.' and are repeated on both vocal staves.

Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near, Whis - per of

Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near, Whis - per of

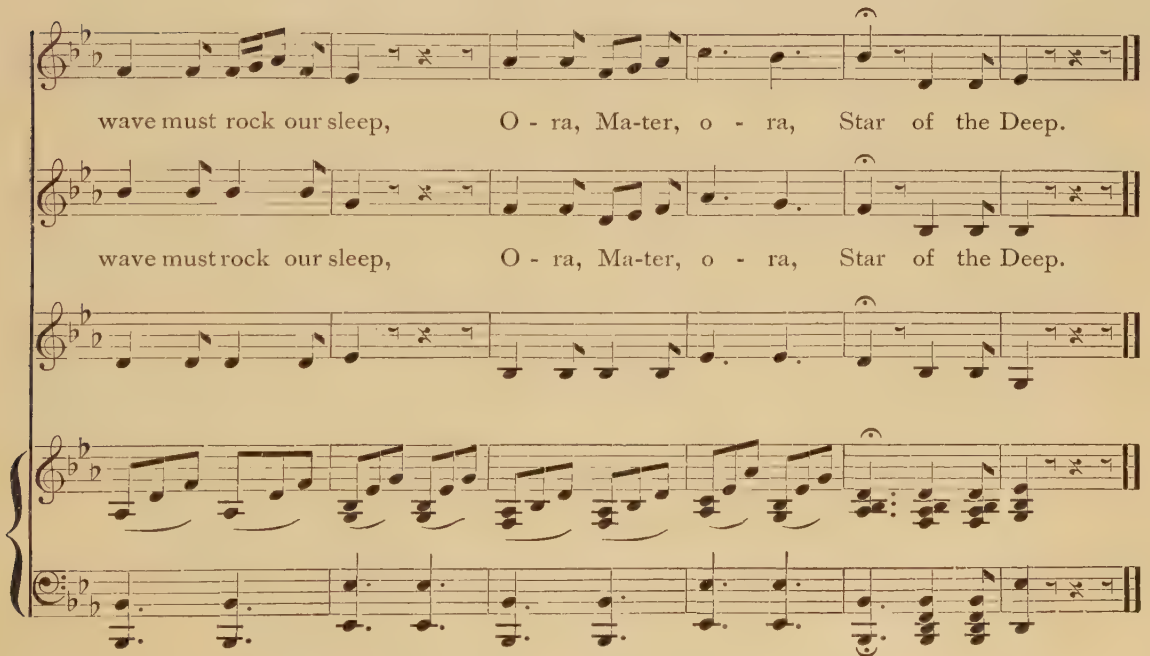
The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are 'Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near, Whis - per of' and are repeated on both vocal staves. The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing melody and supporting bass line. The system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic marking.



Heav'n to Faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear! O - ra pro no - bis, The

Heav'n to Faith, Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear! O - ra pro no - bis, The

The musical score for the first system consists of three staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in a minor mode, with a somber and reverent tone. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active, flowing line in the left hand.



wave must rock our sleep, O - ra, Ma-ter, o - ra, Star of the Deep.

wave must rock our sleep, O - ra, Ma-ter, o - ra, Star of the Deep.

The musical score for the second system continues the composition. It also consists of three staves. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment maintain the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The melody concludes with a final, sustained note, and the piano accompaniment provides a gentle, rocking accompaniment throughout the system.

Cradle Hymn.

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
 2. Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - ior lay,
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Tho' my song may seem so hard;

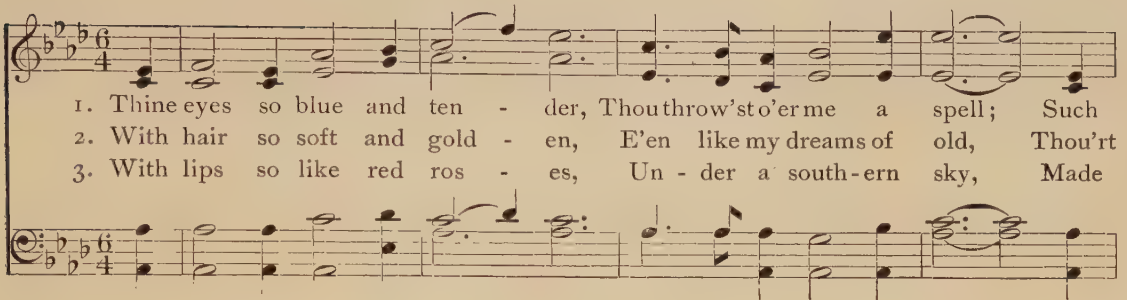
Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber Gen - tly fall - ing on thy head.
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How His foes a - bus - ed their King,
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee!
 How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love, and sing His praise.

Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender.

Music by LASSEN, arr.



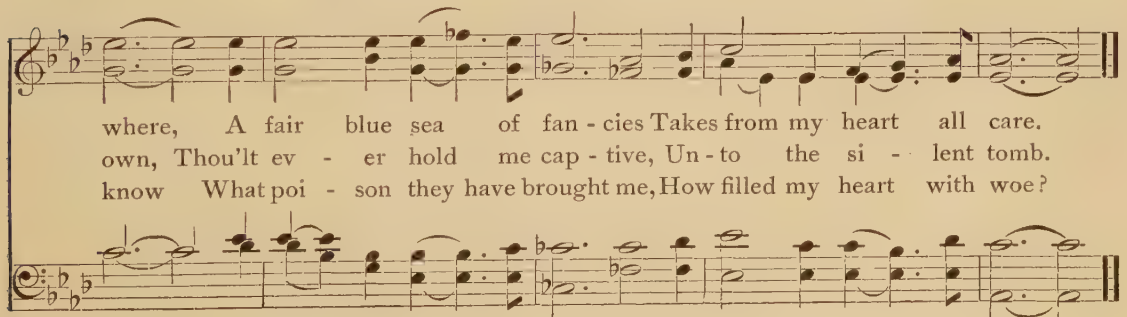
1. Thine eyes so blue and ten - der, Thou throw'st o'er me a spell; Such
 2. With hair so soft and gold - en, E'en like my dreams of old, Thou'rt
 3. With lips so like red ros - es, Un - der a south - ern sky, Made



dreams and thoughts come to me, Which e'en I dare not
 wind - ing chains a - round me, Which ne'er will loose their
 cap - tive by . . their beau - ty Think'st thou I'd pass them



tell; . . With eyes so blue and ten - der, That haunt me ev - 'ry -
 hold; . . With hair so soft and gold - en, Heart pure and all mine
 by? . . With lips so like red ros - es, My dar - ling, dost thou



where, A fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
 own, Thou'lt ev - er hold me cap - tive, Un - to the si - lent tomb.
 know What poi - son they have brought me, How filled my heart with woe?

The Bird's Song.

Words from TOPELIUS.

Music arranged from SÖDERBERG.

1. A bird once sang on the lin - den tree, the lin - den tree, the
 2. God's bless - ed an - gel, with eyes of blue, with eyes of blue, with
 3. This lit - tle war - bler still sings to - day, still sings to - day, still

lin - den tree: "A lit - tle bird on - ly tho' I be, I'm
 eyes of blue, In yon - der cloud sat and wait - ed, too, And
 sings to - day; When comes the loved one, I can - not say, Nor

good for sport and for sing - ing. But my true love tar - ries
 thus he sang in the gloam - ing: "Thou lit - tle bird on the
 can the an - gel tell, ei - ther. This lit - tle war - bler still

far a - way, But my true love tar - ries far a - way, The
 lin - den tree, Thou lit - tle bird on the lin - den tree, God
 sings to - day, This lit - tle war - bler still sings to - day, "When

grove and mead he for-sakes to - day, He flies a - broad in the for - est."
 grant thy love may re - turn to thee, And join thy sport and thy sing - ing."
 comes the loved one I can - not say, To join my sport and my sing - ing."

Sweet and Low.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by J. BARNBY.

pp *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon, Rest, rest on

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - - - ver the
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his

Come . . from the
 wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

Come . . from the

me. While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . .
 moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . .

Lift Thine Eyes.

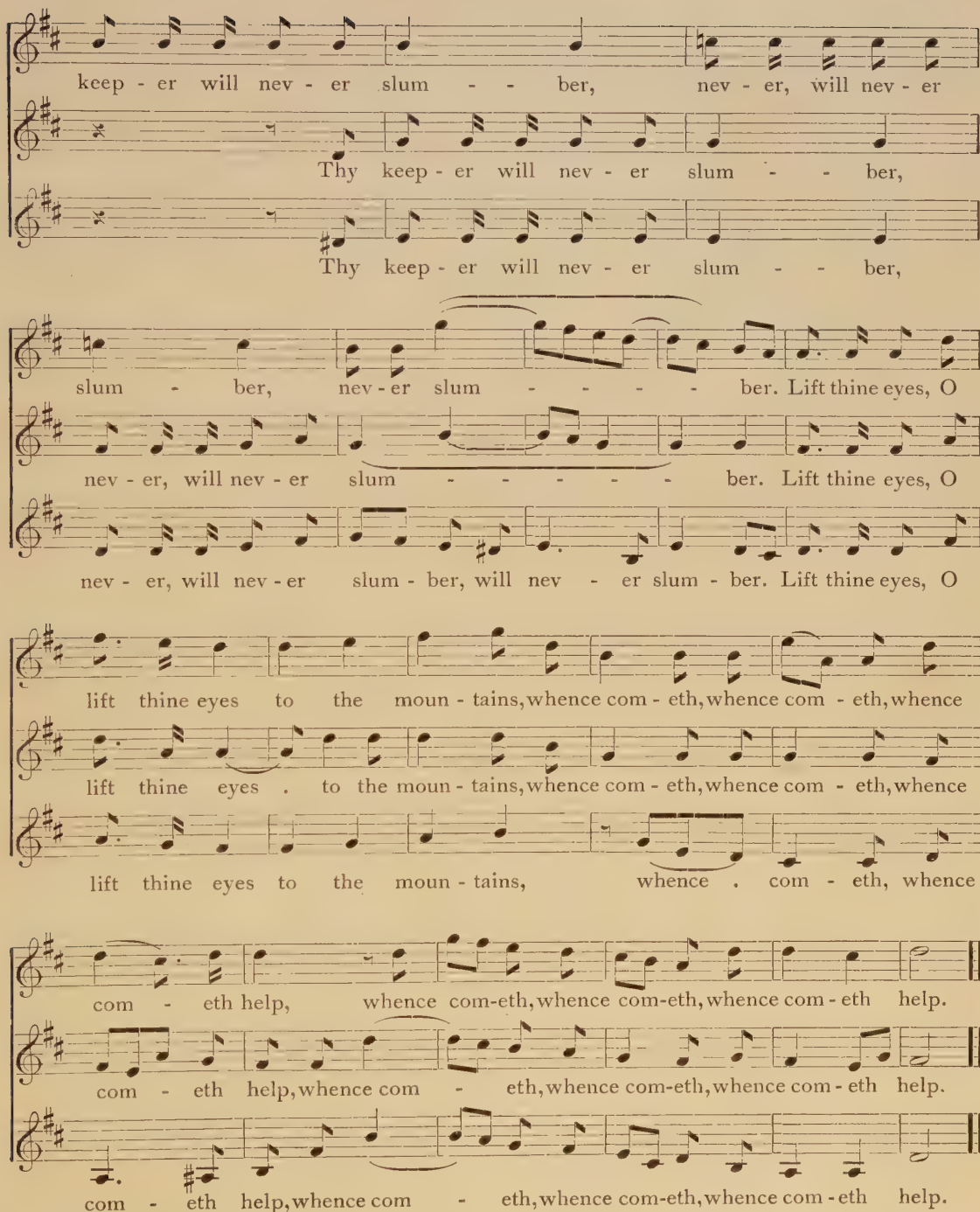
The Angel Trio; from the Oratorio "Elijah," by MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence
 com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help
 com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth
 com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth
 com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er of heav - en and
 from . . the Lord, . . . the Mak - - er of heav - en and
 from . . the Lord, the Mak - - - er of heav - en and
 earth. He hath said, thy foot . . shall not be mov - ed, Thy
 earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,
 earth. He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed,

Lift Thine Eyes.

113

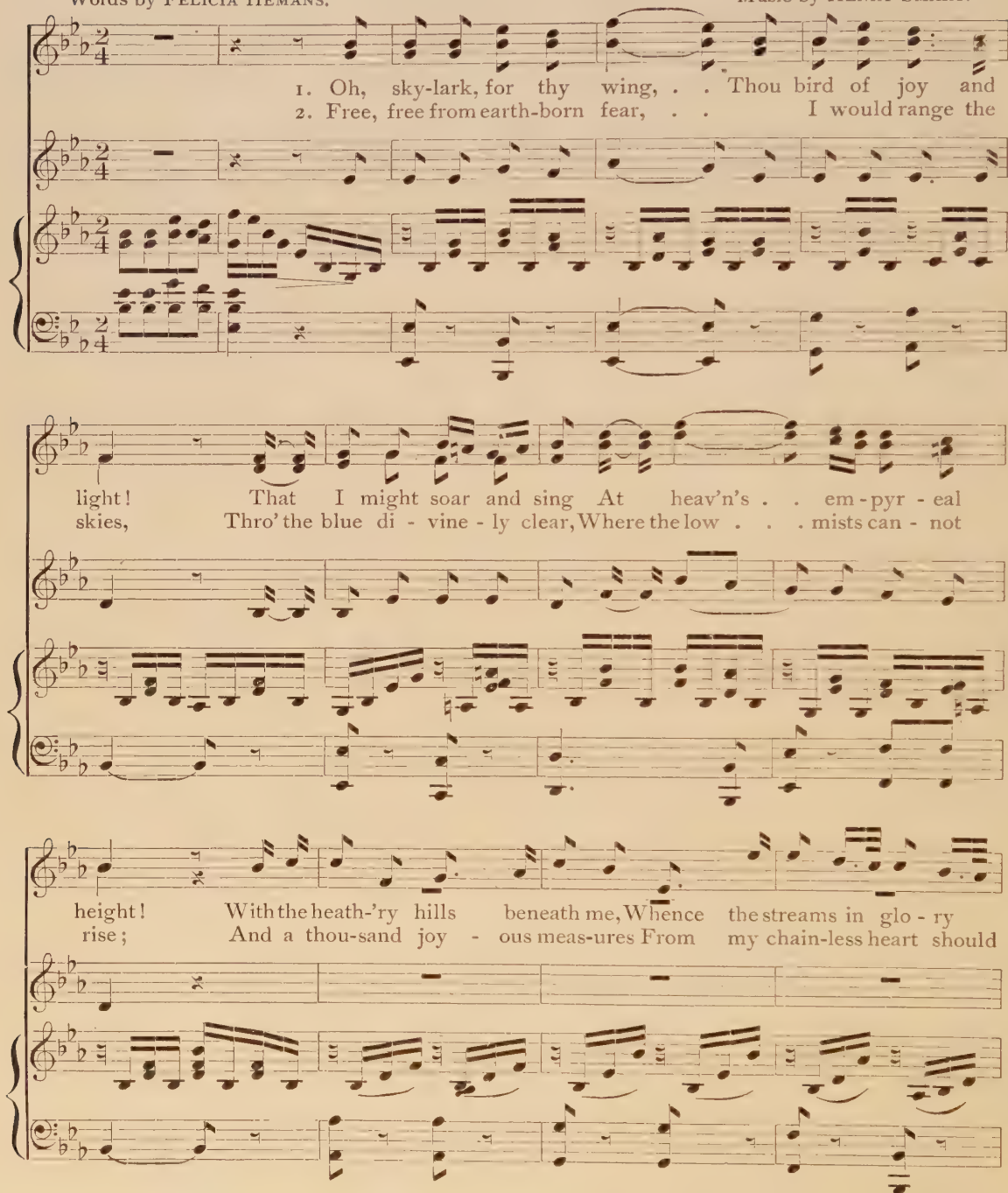


keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er
 Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber,
 Thy keep - er will nev - er slum - - ber,
 slum - ber, nev - er slum - - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
 nev - er, will nev - er slum - - - - - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
 nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O
 lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence
 lift thine eyes . to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence
 lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence . com - eth, whence
 com - eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com-eth, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com-eth, whence com - eth help.

Oh! Skylark, for Thy Wing.

Words by FELICIA HEMANS.

Music by HENRY SMART.



1. Oh, sky-lark, for thy wing, . . Thou bird of joy and
2. Free, free from earth-born fear, . . I would range the

light! That I might soar and sing At heav'n's . . em-pyr - eal
skies, Thro' the blue di - vine - ly clear, Where the low . . . mists can - not

height! With the heath-'ry hills beneath me, Whence the streams in glo - ry
rise; And a thou-sand joy - ous meas-ures From my chain-less heart should

Oh! Skylark, for Thy Wing.

115

spring, And the pearl-y clouds to wreath me, Oh, sky-lark, on thy wing! Oh,
 spring, Like the bright rain's ver-nal treasures, As I wander'd on thy wing. Oh,

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sky-lark, for thy wing, . Thou bird of joy and light! . . That I might soar and

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sing At heav'n's em - pyr - eal height! . . . That I might soar and sing At

That I

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with the text "That I" below the vocal line.

Sva.....loco.

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the piano accompaniment. The system ends with the text "*Sva.....loco.*" below the piano part.

Oh! Skylark, for Thy Wing.

heav'n's em - pyr - eal height, might sing At heav'n's em-pyr-eal height! . .

tr... *8va...* *loco.*

The musical score is for a song in B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a trill (tr...) and an octave shift (8va...) in the right hand, and a loco (loco.) passage in the left hand. The lyrics are: "heav'n's em - pyr - eal height, might sing At heav'n's em-pyr-eal height! . ."

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Words by Mrs. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Music by LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or, if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
 ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - get, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

The musical score is for a hymn in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or, if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - get, Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!"

Hearts Feel That Love Thee.

117

Arranged from "Athalie," by MENDELSSOHN.

Andante tranquillo.

Hearts feel that love Thee, No e - vil can dis - turb their rest,



Hearts feel that love Thee, No e - vil can dis - turb their rest,

*Andante tranquillo.*

Crav - ing Thy grace, Lord, Grant-ed ere they im - plore Thee,



Crav - ing Thy grace, Lord, Grant-ed ere they im - plore . .



Thus are they ev - er blest, Thus . . are they ev - er blest, On the
Thee, Thus . . are they ev - er blest.
Thee, Thus are they ev - er blest.

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with the first line of the first staff reading 'Thus are they ev - er blest, Thus . . are they ev - er blest, On the' and the second line reading 'Thee, Thus . . are they ev - er blest.' The third staff begins with 'Thee,' followed by 'Thus are they ev - er blest.' on the next line.

earth, in Thy realms of glo-ry, Naught can exceed the joy, The calm and ho-ly rest.
Naught can exceed the joy, The calm and ho-ly rest.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves have lyrics that read 'earth, in Thy realms of glo-ry, Naught can exceed the joy, The calm and ho-ly rest.' on the first line and 'Naught can exceed the joy, The calm and ho-ly rest.' on the second line. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, including a dynamic marking of *sf* (sforzando) in the right hand of the piano part.

Hearts feel that love Thee, that love Thee, Naught can . . . ex -

Hearts feel that love Thee, Naught can ex -

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with occasional chords.

ceed the joy of hearts that love . . . Thee! On the earth, in Thy realms of

ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee! On the earth, in Thy realms of

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody includes a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern, with some chords and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Hearts Feel That Love Thee.

glo - ry, Naught can ex-ceed the joy, The calm . . and ho-ly rest.

glo - ry, Naught can ex-ceed the joy, The calm . . and ho-ly rest.

The musical score for the first system is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass). The lyrics are: "glo - ry, Naught can ex-ceed the joy, The calm . . and ho-ly rest." The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final note on a whole rest.

Hearts feel that love Thee, that love Thee, Naught

Hearts feel that love Thee, Naught

The musical score for the second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Hearts feel that love Thee, that love Thee, Naught" on the first line and "Hearts feel that love Thee, Naught" on the second line. The melody concludes with a final note on a whole rest.

can . . ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, of hearts, . .

can ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, of hearts that love

can ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, that

The first system of the musical score for 'Hearts Feel That Love Thee.' It consists of three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: 'can . . ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, of hearts, . .', 'can ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, of hearts that love', and 'can ex - ceed the joy of hearts that love Thee, that'.

of hearts . . that love Thee.

Thee, of hearts, of hearts that love Thee.

love . . Thee, that love Thee.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics are: 'of hearts . . that love Thee.', 'Thee, of hearts, of hearts that love Thee.', and 'love . . Thee, that love Thee.'.

The Swallow.

Words from "The Afterglow."

Music by HENRY LESLIE.

1. Ev - 'ry po - et sing - eth Sweet - est strain he knows To the bird that
2. Ris - ing, float - ing, wheeling Thro' the az - ure blaze, Like a sum - mer

bring - eth Back the summer rose ; His heart's bell he ring - eth, his
feel - ing Flash'd from oth - er days ; Old de - lights un - seal - ing,

best song he sing - eth To the bird that bring-eth Back the sum-mer
 pres-ent sor-rows heal - ing, Flow-'ry hopes re-veal - ing, Bloom of bright-er

best song he sing - eth To the bird that bring-eth Back the sum-mer
 pres-ent sor-rows heal - ing, Flow-'ry hopes re-veal - ing, Bloom of bright-er

The first system of the musical score for 'The Swallow' features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line consists of two staves, each with two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is written for the right and left hands on grand staves. The first staff of the piano part has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, while the second staff has a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is in 4/4 time.

rose. Wel - come, wel - come,
 days. Wel - come, wel - come,

rose. Wel-come, wel - come,
 days. Wel-come, wel - come,

rose. Wel - come, wel-come,
 days. Wel - come, wel-come,

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It features three staves of vocal melody, each with two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on grand staves. The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'rose. Wel - come, wel - come, days. Wel - come, wel - come,' repeated three times with slight variations in the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

The Swallow.

[illegible]

Swal - low, swal - low, wel - come swal - low,
 Swal - low, swal - low, wel - come swal - low.

Swal - low, swal - low, wel - come swal - low,
 Swal - low, swal - low, wel - come swal - low.

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

Veer - ing o - ver holt . . and hol - low, wel - come, wel-come swal -
 Cir - cling o - ver holt . . and hol - low, wel - come, wel-come swal -

Veer - ing o - ver holt . . and hol-low, wel - come, wel-come swal -
 Cir - cling o - ver holt . . and hol-low, wel - come, wel-come swal -

low, wel - come swal - - - low.

low, wel - come swal - - - low.

Twilight.

Words from the German, by Rev. J. TROUTBECK.

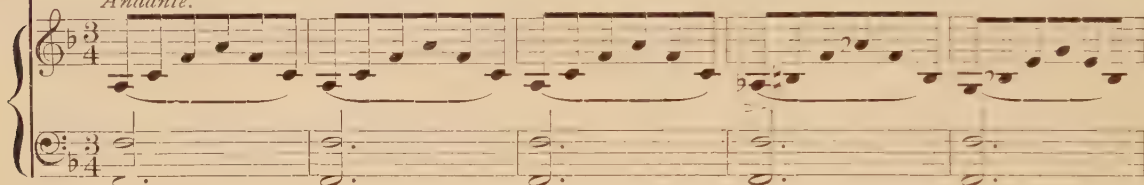
Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andante.

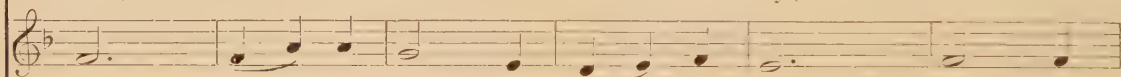
1. Soft and still, Vale and
 2. Heart and eyes Heav'n - ward
 3. Trust the Lord; Trust His



1. Soft and still, Vale and
 2. Heart and eyes Heav'n - ward
 3. Trust the Lord; Trust His

*Andante.*

hill Night en - folds in sa - ble pall; . . . Birds their
 rise; Seek'st thou what shall there be - fall? . . . Canst thou
 word; Let thine heart on Him re - ly; . . . So will



hill Night en - folds in sa - ble pall; Birds their
 rise; Seek'st thou what shall there be - fall? Canst thou
 word; Let thine heart on Him re - ly; So will



wea - ry wings are clos - ing, Soon shall we, too, be re -
no - where rest dis - cov - er? Some - time shall thy grief be
peace di - vine come o'er thee; Earth will show like heav'n be -

pos - ing: God is watch - ing o - ver all, God is
o - ver: God is watch - ing o - ver all, God is
fore thee, Like the home of saints on high, Like the

we, . too, be re - pos - ing. God is watch - ing,
shall thy grief be o - ver, God is watch - ing,
show like heav'n be - fore thee, Like the home, the

watch - ing o - ver all. So good night! . . .
 watch - ing o - ver all. So good night! . . .
 home of saints on high. Thine be peace, . . .

. God is watch - ing o - - ver all.
 God is watch - ing o - - ver all.
 Thine the home of saints . . . on high.

So good night! God is watch - ing o - - ver all.
 So good night! God is watch - ing o - - ver all.
 Thine be peace, Thine the home of saints . . . on high.

The Bells of Saint Michael's Tower.

Allegretto.

Music by W. KNYVETT.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi - chael's

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

tow'r, When Richard Pen-lake and Re-bec-ca his wife ar - rived at the church door.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r;

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r.

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Richard Pen - lake was a cheer - ful man, cheer-ful, and frank, and free; But he

The fifth system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The Bells of Saint Michael's Tower.

led a sad life with Re-bec-ca his wife, for a ter-ri-ble shrew was she. . .

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "led a sad life with Re-bec-ca his wife, for a ter-ri-ble shrew was she. . .".

Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r;

The second system of music continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r;".

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r. FINE.

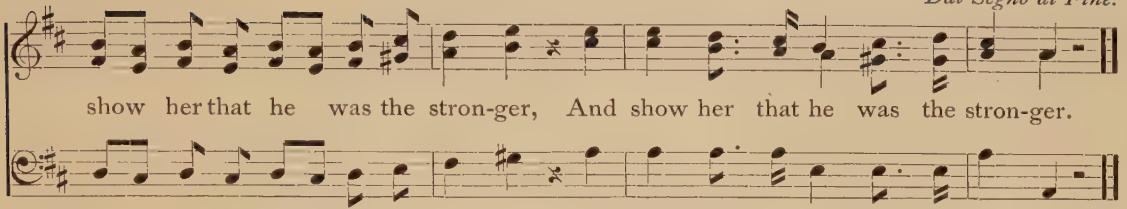
The third system of music concludes the phrase. The lyrics are: "Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rang the bells, the bells of St. Mi-chael's tow'r." The word "FINE." is written at the end of the system.

Rich-ard Pen - lake a scold-ing would take, Till pa - tience a-vailed no

The fourth system of music begins a new phrase. The lyrics are: "Rich-ard Pen - lake a scold-ing would take, Till pa - tience a-vailed no".

lon - ger, Then Rich - ard Pen - lake a crab - stick would take, And

The fifth system of music continues the phrase. The lyrics are: "lon - ger, Then Rich - ard Pen - lake a crab - stick would take, And".

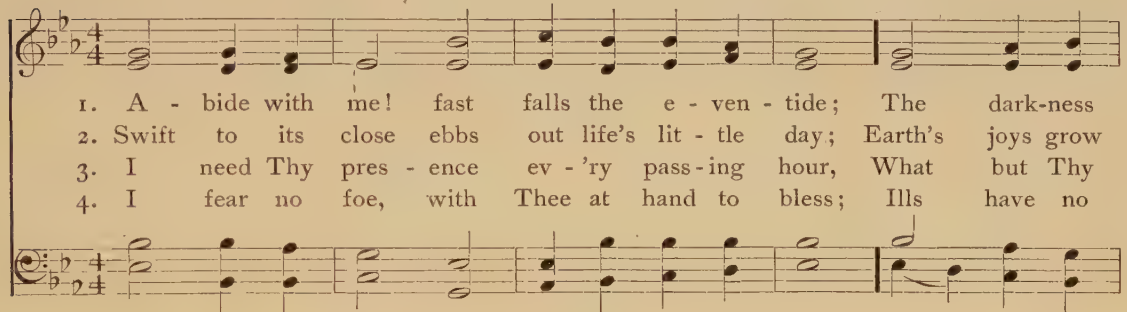
Dal Segno al Fine.


show her that he was the stron-ger, And show her that he was the stron-ger.

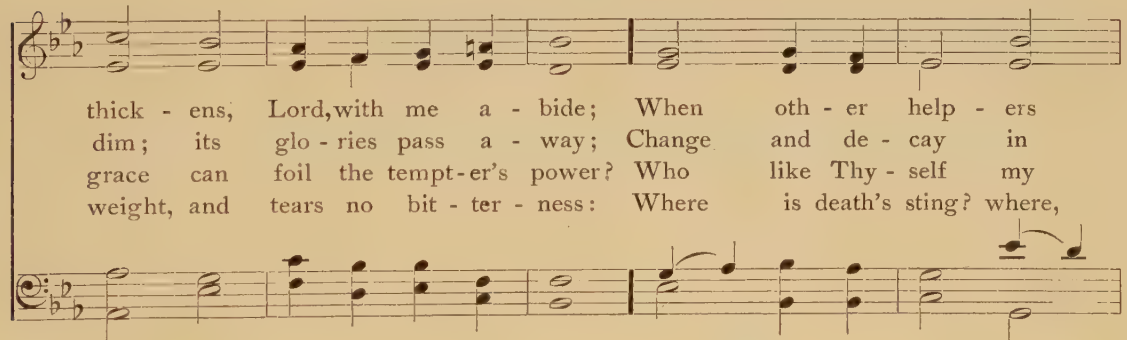
Abide with Me!

Words by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

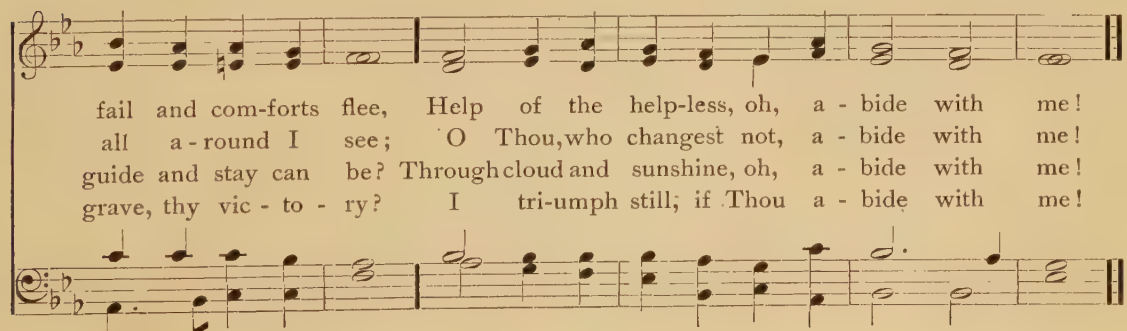
Music by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no



thick - ens; Lord, with me a - bid; When oth - er help - ers
dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who like Thy - self my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness: Where is death's sting? where,



fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bid with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still; if Thou a - bid with me!

O Happy Fair.

1st time f, 2nd time p.

Music by W. SHIELD.

O hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py fair, Your eyes are loadstars, and your

O hap-py, hap-py fair, are loadstars, and your

O hap-py, hap-py, hap-py, hap-py fair, Your eyes are loadstars, and your

tongue sweet air : More tun - a-ble than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is

tongue sweet air : More tun - a-ble than lark to shepherd's ear, more

tongue sweet air : More tun-a-ble than

green, when hawthorn buds ap-pear, more tun - a-ble than lark . . . to

tun - a-ble, more tun - a-ble than lark, than lark to . . .

lark, when wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear, more tun - a-ble than lark to

shep-herd's ear. O hap-py,hap-py, hap-py,hap-py fair, Your eyes are

shep-herd's ear. O hap-py,hap-py fair, are

shep-herd's ear. O hap-py,hap-py, hap-py,hap-py fair, Your eyes are

FINE.

loadstars and your tongue sweet air. More tun - a - ble than lark to shep - herd's ear, . . .

loadstars and your tongue sweet air. More

loadstars and your tongue sweet air.

. When wheat is green,when hawthorn buds ap-

tun - a - ble than lark to shep - herd's ear,When wheat is green,when hawthorn buds ap-

More tun - a - ble than lark to shepherd's ear,when hawthorn buds ap-

pear, when wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear, more tun-a-ble than lark, when

pear, when wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear, more tun - a - ble than

pear, when wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap - pear,

wheat . . is green, more tun - a - ble than lark . . to shep-herd's ear, when

lark to shepherd's ear, more tun - a - ble than lark to shepherd's ear,

. more tun - a - ble than lark to shepherd's ear,

wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap - pear. O *D.S. al fine.*

when haw-thorn buds ap - pear.

when wheat is green. O

Come, Fairies, Trip It on the Grass.

Words and music by JOHN PARRY. Arranged for this work.

In a light sprightly style.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G-clef, C major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Come, Fair - ies, trip it on the grass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And". The second staff is a vocal line in G-clef, C major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Come, Fair - ies, trip it on the grass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! And". The third staff is a vocal line in C-clef, C major, 4/4 time. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment in G-clef and C-clef, C major, 4/4 time, featuring chords and a bass line.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G-clef, C major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "mock dull mor - tals as they pass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Come,". The second staff is a vocal line in G-clef, C major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "mock dull mor - tals as they pass, with a ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! Come,". The third staff is a vocal line in C-clef, C major, 4/4 time. The fourth and fifth staves are a piano accompaniment in G-clef and C-clef, C major, 4/4 time, featuring chords and a bass line. A first ending bracket is present at the end of the system.

Come, Fairies, Trip It on the Grass.

ho! While the stars are shin - ing bright, Let us dance by their sparkling

ho! While the stars are shin - ing bright, Let us dance by their sparkling

While the stars are shin-ing bright, Let us

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has two vocal staves (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The second system also has two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The third system has two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part features a repeating eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

light, With a ho, ho, ho! with a ho, ho, ho! with a

light, With a ho, ho, ho! with a

dance by their spar - kling light, With a

The musical score continues with two systems. The first system has two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The second system also has two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part continues with the same repeating eighth-note pattern.

SOLO VOICE. Largo.

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. While the ho. Slow - ly ris - ing, slow - ly ris - ing,

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. While the ho. Slow - ly ris - ing,

tr CHORUS. D.C.

slow - ly ris - ing, see the moon; By her beams we'll rev - el soon.

slow - ly ris - ing, see the moon; . . By her beams we'll rev - el soon.

D.C.

Brightly the Morning Gleams in the Eastern Skies.

(SONG OF THE LARK.)

Music by F. X. EISENHOFER.

Andantino.

Bright-ly the morn-ing gleams in the east-ern skies, With ear-liest dawn-ing

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Sweet-ly my songs a-rise. Sing-ing and soar-ing, Heav'nward I sing my way,

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Joy-ful-ly pour-ing Thanks for the new-born day, Joy-ful-ly pour-ing

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Thanks for the day. Bright-ly the morn-ing gleams in the east-ern skies,

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

With ear-liest dawn-ing Sweet-ly my songs a-rise. With ear-liest dawn-ing

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Sweetly my songs a-rise, Soar-ing, sing-ing in morn-ing skies; With ear-liest

pp

dawn-ing Sweetly my songs a-rise, Soar-ing, sing-ing in morn-ing skies.

f

My God, Permit Me Not to Be.

Music by BEETHOVEN.

1. My God, per-mit me not to be Stranger un-to my-self and Thee;
 2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heav'n-ly birth?
 3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence;

A-midst a thou-sand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.
 Why should I cleave to things be-low, And all my pur-est joys fore-go?
 I would o-bey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rior joys re-sign.

Here in Cool Grot.

Music by EARL OF MORNINGTON.

Andante.

Vivace.

p Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We ru - ral fays and

p Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We

p Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We

p Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We

fair - ies, We ru - ral fays, We ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell:

ru - ral fays and fair - ies, We ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell:

ru - ral fays and fair - ies, We ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell:

ru - ral fays and fair - ies, We ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell:

Though rare - ly seen by mor - tal eye, When the pale moon, as - cend - ing

Though rare - ly seen by mor - tal eye, When the pale moon, as - cend - ing

Though rare - ly seen by mor - tal eye, When the pale moon, as - cend - ing

Though rare - ly seen by mor - tal eye, When the pale moon, as - cend - ing

high, Darts, darts thro' yon limes her quiv-'ring, quiv-'ring beams, We frisk it,
high, Darts thro' yon limes her quiv-'ring, quiv-'ring beams, We
high, Darts thro' yon limes her quiv-'ring, quiv-'ring beams, We

frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams, frisk it,
frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams,
frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams, frisk it,

frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams.
frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams.
frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams.
frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams.

Here in Cool Grot.

Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave,

Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave, Af - ford the light our rev - els

Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave, Af - ford the light our rev - els

The turf, with dai - sies broider'd o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the

crave; The turf, with dai - sies broider'd o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the

crave; The turf, with dai - sies broider'd o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the

Pa - rian floor. Nor

Pa - rian floor. Nor yet for art - ful strains, Nor

Pa - rian floor. Nor yet for art - ful

Pa - rian floor. Nor yet for art - ful strains we call, for

yet for art - ful strains we call, we call, we call, But lis - ten,
yet for art - ful strains we call, we call, we call, But lis - ten,
strains we call, . . we call, we call, we call, But lis - ten,

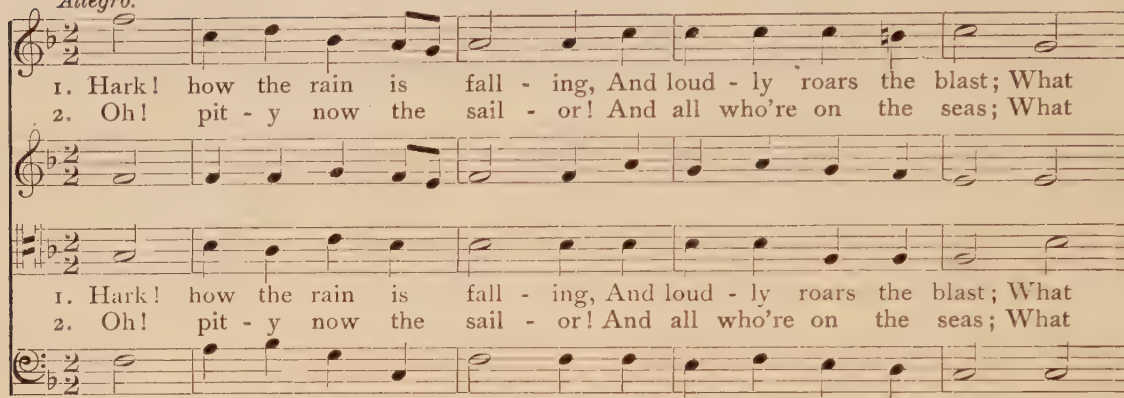
lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall,
lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall,
lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall,

lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall.
lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall.
lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the wa - ter - fall.

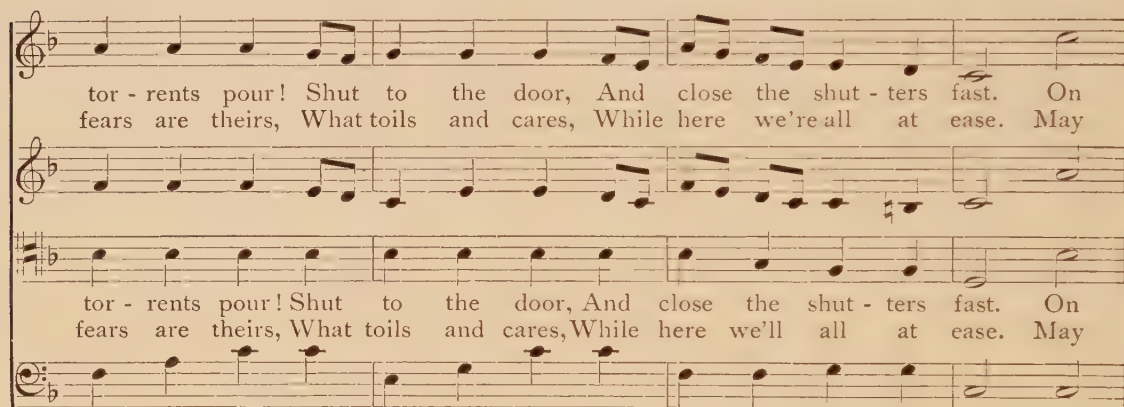
Hark! How the Rain Is Falling.

Music by Dr. CALLCOTT.

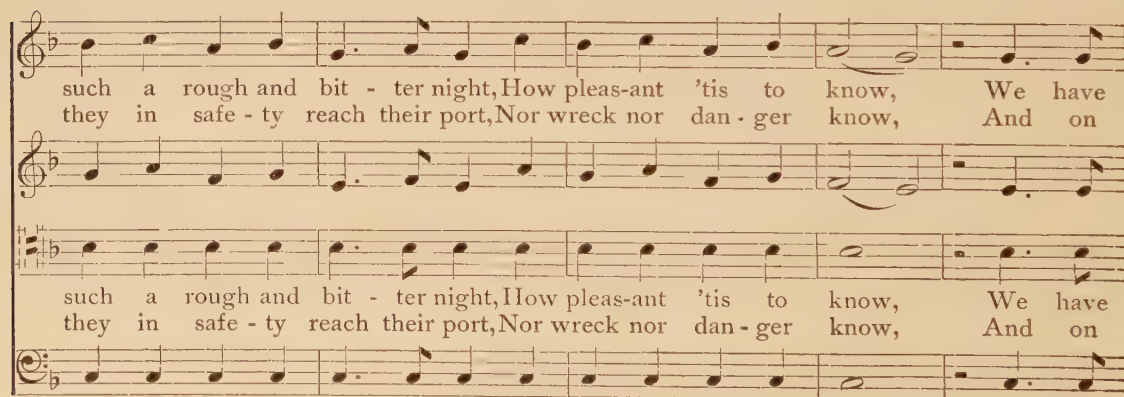
Allegro.



1. Hark! how the rain is fall - ing, And loud - ly roars the blast; What
 2. Oh! pit - y now the sail - or! And all who're on the seas; What



tor - rents pour! Shut to the door, And close the shut - ters fast. On
 fears are theirs, What toils and cares, While here we're all at ease. May



such a rough and bit - ter night, How pleas - ant 'tis to know, We have
 they in safe - ty reach their port, Nor wreck nor dan - ger know, And on

here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear,
shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more,

here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear, We have here Naught to fear,
shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more, And on shore Fear no more,

When the storm - y winds do blow, . . When the storm - y winds do

When the storm - y winds do blow, When the storm - y winds do

blow, . . When the stormy winds do blow, . . When the storm-y winds do blow. blow.

blow, When the stormy winds do blow, When the storm-y winds do blow. blow.

A Spring Song.

Words from the "AFTERGLOW."

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.



1. I sat be - neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bus - y bab - bling wa - ter - fall Me - lo - dious - ly kept time to all The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king, Breathe



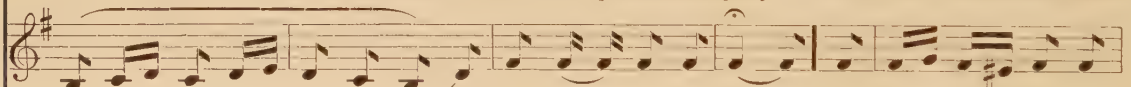
1. I sat be - neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bus - y bab - bling wa - ter - fall Me - lo - dious - ly kept time to all The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king, Breathe



1. I sat be - neath the A - beles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And
2. The bus - y bab - bling wa - ter - fall Me - lo - dious - ly kept time to all The
3. O love - ly, love - ly, love - ly spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king, Breathe



un - der - neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuck - oo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em - blems are these



un - der - neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuck - oo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em - blems are these



un - der - neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil - v'ry Gad; The cuck - oo and the
rich May mu - sic mys - ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip - 'ning bud that
on my heart and bid me sing, Or rath - er praise and pray; For em - blems are these



thrush were sing - ing, sing - ing; sing - ing, The sheep bells on the
o - pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp - ing with a
sun - ny, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These gold - - en

thrush were sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, The sheep bells on the
o - pen flies, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp - ing with a
sun - ny hours, these sun - ny, sun - ny hours, These gold - en meads and

hills were ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, All life was gay and
gay, a gay . . . sur - prise, To greet a world so
meads, and stream, . and . . . flowers, Of ev - er - last - ing

hills were ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, All life was gay and
gay sur - prise, a gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so
stream, and flow'rs, these gold - en meads and flowers, Of ev - er - last - ing

A Spring Song.

glad! All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad!
 fair, to greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair,
 May, of ev - er - last - ing May, of ev - er - last - ing May,

glad! All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad!
 fair, to greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair,
 May, of ev - er - last - ing May, of ev - er - last - ing May,

glad! All life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad!
 fair, to greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair,
 May, of ev - er - last - ing May, of ev - er - last - ing May,

. All life was gay, was gay and glad!
 a world so fair, a world so fair.
 emblems of ev - er - last - ing May!

. was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!
 a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair.
 of ev - er - last - ing, of ev - er - last - ing May!

. was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!
 a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair.
 of ev - er - last - ing, of ev - er - last - ing May!

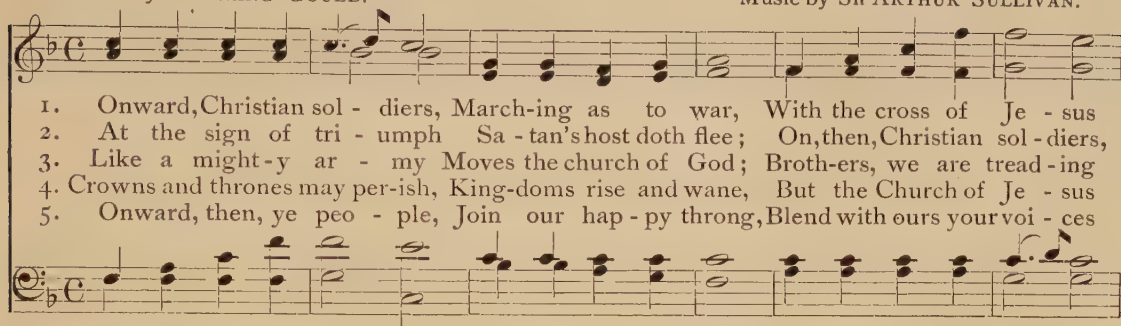
. was gay and glad! was gay and glad!
 a world so fair, so fair, so fair.
 of ev - er - last - ing, of ev - er - last - ing May!

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

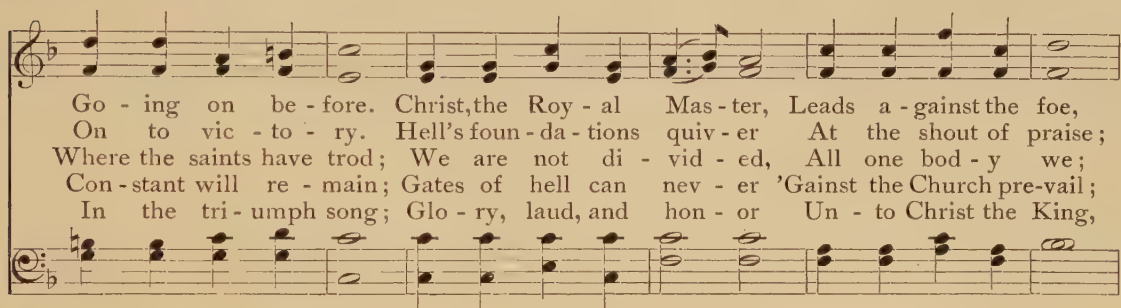
149

Words by S. BARING-GOULD.

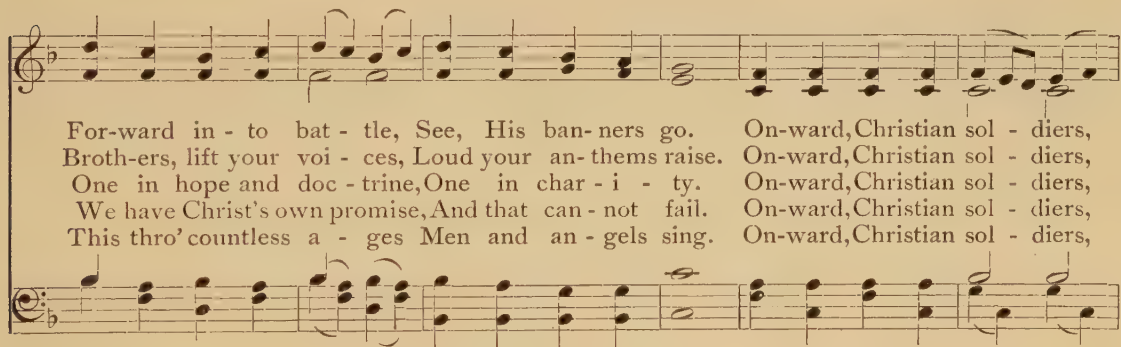
Music by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



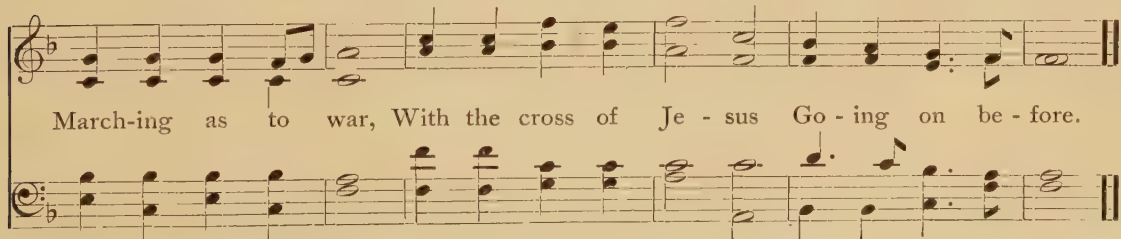
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
 3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
 4. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
 On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst the Church pre - vail;
 In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

To All You Ladies now on Land.

(May be sung by Male Voices only.)

Music by Dr. CALLCOTT.

The musical score is written for two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems, each with two vocal staves and a grand staff for piano.

First System:

Vocal 1: 1. To all you la - dies now on land, We men at sea in - dite; But
 Vocal 2: 2. In jus - tice, you can - not re - fuse To think of our dis - tress, When

Second System:

Vocal 1: first would have you un - der - stand How hard it is to write: The Mus - es now, and
 Vocal 2: we, for hopes of hon - or, lose Our cer - tain hap - pi - ness; All these de - signs are



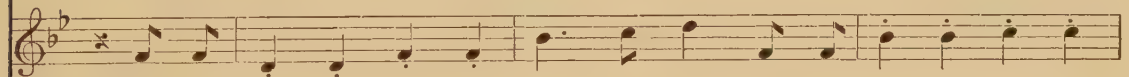
Nep-tune too, We must im-plore to write to you, to write to you.
but to prove Our-selves more wor-thy of your love, more wor-thy of your love.



Nep-tune too, We must im-plore to write to you, to write to you.
but to prove Our-selves more wor-thy of your love, more wor-thy of your love.



With a fa la la la la la la, With a fa,



With a fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la la



With a fa la la la



To All You Ladies now on Land.

With a fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a
 la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a
 la la la, With a fa la la, With a fa la la, With a

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

fa la la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la, With a
 fa la la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la, With a
 fa la la la, With a

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. It includes three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves end with a final note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord and a fermata.

fa, With a fa la la la la, With a

fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a

fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la, With a

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal parts feature a melody with lyrics 'fa, With a fa la la la la, With a' on the first line, 'fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la la la, With a' on the second line, and 'fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la, With a' on the third line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.

fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.

fa la la, With a fa la la la la.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. The vocal parts conclude the phrase with lyrics 'fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.' on the first line, 'fa la la la la, With a fa la la la la la la.' on the second line, and 'fa la la, With a fa la la la la.' on the third line. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support, ending with a final chord.

O Paradise.

Words by F. W. FABER.

Music by J. BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who
 2D ALTO OR TENOR.

3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great - ly long to see The
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love, And

would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that love are blest; Where
 would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold; Where

spec - ial place my dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me; Where
 guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove; Where

loy - al hearts and true

loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All ,

loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight?

Now the Day Is Over.

Words by SABINE BARING-GOULD.

Music by J. BARNBY.

p

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep, . .
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee, . .
4. Com - fort ev - 'ry suf - f'rer Watch - ing late in pain; . .
5. Through the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . .
6. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . .


p

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Those who plan some e - vil, From their sin re - strain.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.



eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 e - vil, From their sin re - strain.
 bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
 sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Portuguese Hymn.

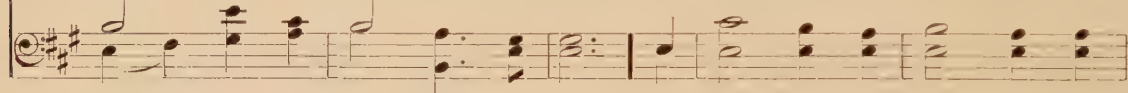
Words by JAMES MONTGOMERY.




1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro'the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless - ings un -
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God! Still fol - low my


pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek— by the path which my




still wa - ters flow, . . . Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op -
 staff be my stay; . . . No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; . . . O! what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, . . . Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy king - dom of

pressed, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O! what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy king - dom of love.



By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

Words by REGINALD HEBER.

Music by I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's shad-y rill, How fair the lil-y grows; How
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose
 3. De-pend-ent on Thy boun-teous breath, We seek Thy grace a-lone, In

sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew-y rose.
 se-cret heart with in-fluence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

Dennis.

Words by DODDRIDGE.

Music by NAGELI, arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. How gen-tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre-cepts are!
 2. Why should this anx-ious load Press down your wea-ry mind?
 3. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-changed from day to day;

Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.
 Haste to your heaven-ly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
 I'll drop my bur-den at His feet, And bear a song a-way.

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